JOHN BULL, APRIL 11, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1295

Famous Film Stars praise Odol

It is well known in the film world, where teeth must be pretty and white, that Odol cleanses away tartar and removes dullness without harming the teeth in any way. Among the many actresses who appreciate the finer qualities of Odol—who use it regularly and recommend it to their friends — are Winifred Shotter, Renee Clama, Mabel Poulton, Sari Maritza, Norah Baring, Betty Balfour, Betty Stockfeld, etc, etc.

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Miss Sari Maritza

Miss Betty Stockfeld
Star of John Harvel production "Captivation"
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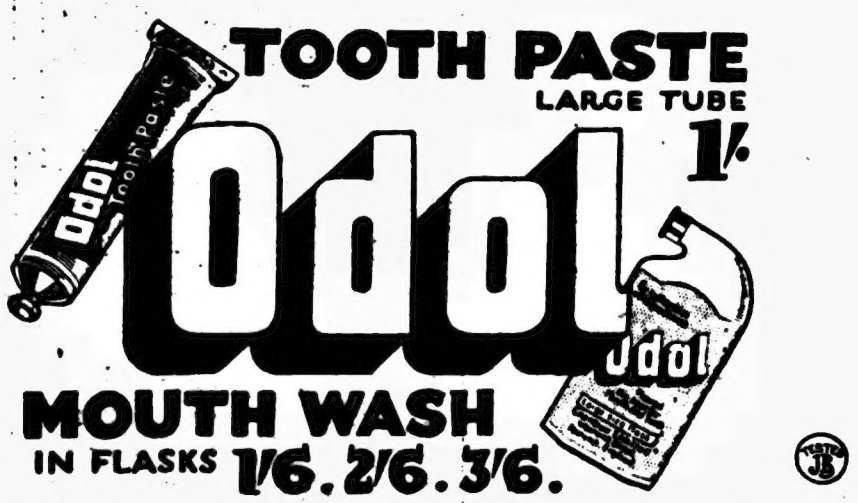

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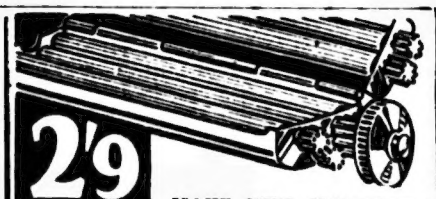

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JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, April 11, 1931. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Launching the New Land-Tax

SPECULATION as to what the Chancellor has in store for the taxpayer has produced many a forecast.

Two certainties are the all-round tax on land-values and an increase in super-tax.

The land-tax will be introduced as a clause in the Budget. This will bring it under the Finance Act, and thus prevent the House of Lords from interfering.

The super-tax increase will be obtained by lowering the amount of income taxable under this heading.

Land yield

The amount Mr. Snowden will collect this year from the land-values tax is problematical owing to the extensive preliminary arrangements for valuation and collection.

The scale of the tax will not be high, for a penny in the pound would enrich the Exchequer by £40,000,000 a year.

Already Mr. Snowden has enough information to enable him to draw up a scheme forestalling any reasonable objections.

Tobacco rumours

We do not think there is any fear of an increased duty on tobacco. If the Chancellor is really contemplating such action, we would remind him of his speech on Budget resolutions made on April 27, 1927.

He said: "I make it out that something like 17/20ths of the retail price of tobacco is duty. That is to say, when these new duties become operative, out of every twenty puffs of tobacco the working man blows, three are for his own enjoyment and seventeen for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. How can a heavy duty like that be justified?"

Holders of tobacco shares should not be scared by the flatness of prices. Dealers are—as usual—making the pre-Budget market a happy hunting-ground for their own ends.

Landed—stranded

The Government should take serious notice of the statement by Mr. Jelley, Minister of Migration in South Australia, that immigrants have been "lured to Australia under false pretences."

Who has been responsible for the "false pretences"? And in such circumstances why should thousands of starving British immigrants in Australia be left to their harsh fate without some assistance from the home Government?

In South Australia 1,000 British immigrants who are living on Government rations have just petitioned to be repatriated.

"False pretences" which land decent people in this plight should be the subject of immediate enquiry.

A sharp counter

As a direct result of the Baldwin-Beaverbrook pact, the Government is to expedite the announcement of its corn-growing policy for agriculture.

This will consist mainly of the adoption of the wheat quota system, under which a stated percentage of British wheat will have to be included in every loaf.

The Government thus hopes to give British farmers a guaranteed market for their wheat crops each year. They will also be helped in distribution by the Agricultural Marketing Bill now passing through Parliament.

Pax and tax

Another result of the pact will be to make food-taxes a very real issue at the next election.

Mr. Baldwin may win a few seats in the south on that programme, but he realises the danger in the industrial north.

What is more, on a food-tax issue, the second preference of the Liberals under the alternative vote system will certainly go to the Labour candidates.

How long this peace?

In Tory circles bets are being laid on the length of life to be enjoyed by the Baldwin-Beaverbrook pact. The irrepressible Beaverbrook is liable to burst out again at any moment.

"... to his pipes, books, pigs"

His contempt of Mr. Baldwin's leadership is so lively that no real peace is possible until Mr. Baldwin decides to go back to the land instead of to Westminster.

The irony of the situation is that the violent attacks of the Press lords have merely served to keep Mr. Baldwin where he is.

The present truce may last long enough to enable Mr. Baldwin, a tired man, to slip away to his pipes, his books and his pigs.

Tragic pensioners

We know that Mr. Snowden is hard pressed for money, but we urge him to make some concession to the dwindling and unhappy body of pre-war pensioners.

The Prime Minister has just received a memorial on this subject signed by Members of all Parties in the House of Commons.

That is sufficient proof that whatever concession Mr. Snowden feels himself able to make will have unanimous support in Parliament.

These former State servants whose small pensions have not been brought up to post-war values are suffering great hardships.

Watch oil

The efforts being made by Sir Henry Deterding to gain control of the world's oil-markets, are being watched

Tobacco Rumour Gamblers

Back to the Pigs

The City's eyes on him

in the City by anxious eyes.

After a rapid tour of the principal oil-producing countries and interviews with some of the largest purchasers, Sir Henry embarked on a tour of European States.

He had long discussions with King Carol of Roumania, and is now visiting Poland, where he will open negotiations with Marshal Pilsudski.

There is much speculation on the result of these activities, and it is feared that the ultimate result will be dearer oil.

Rubber-tyred

Noise—that torture of twentieth-century civilisation—may be at least partially eliminated from our railways.

As the result of experiments made in America, British railway companies intend to try the feasibility of fitting solid rubber tyres to rolling-stock.

* * *

The tests made of such tyres in America have proved highly satisfactory. The device is also said to effect smoother running, more comfort and less vibration.

They pay up

Mr. C. W. Hopkins, a Middlesbrough ex-soldier who lost his left arm, received a pension assessed at 60 per cent.

After a reamputation, he became entitled under the Royal Warrant to a 70 per cent. pension, but when he applied for his rights, payment was refused.

* * *

Our Pensions Expert took up the matter, and now he has secured the increase and arrears from May, 1927.

This agitation should not have been necessary. There is nothing more disturbing than the attempts of the Ministry of Pensions to bilk ex-Service men.

Dark—and bright

The Australian Commonwealth's decision to accept responsibility for the New South Wales debt interest does not settle the matter.

Unless New South Wales ultimately honours her debts, there is going to be serious trouble in Australia; possibly even the break-up of the Commonwealth.

That is the dark side of the question. This is its brighter side.

When the default was first threatened, two or three of the richest men in England were approached by the City.

These men decided that, sooner than let a British State default, they would personally guarantee the next instalment of the debt interest.

So long as that sort of thing can happen the Empire is all right.

No hopeski

The Government's hope of being able to secure a satisfactory settlement of the Anglo-Russian debts question is rapidly fading away.

When the joint body representing the two countries was set up before Christmas to try and find a way of satisfying British bondholders and also squaring-up the debts between the Governments, real optimism was felt that a bargain would be reached.

There is no sign of one yet, and some of the counter-claims the Russians are putting forward are likely to make an agreement that would satisfy Britain out of the question.

Blinding their eyes

It is amazing how many firms still fail to see the immense value of advertising.

At a Newcastle trade exhibition one firm had twenty dazzling samples on its stand, but only three of these were at all widely known.

Asked for a list of products and prices, the firm's representative said, "There isn't one."

It was a good show and the firm can only blame itself for the business it lost. Hundreds of women visited the exhibition, but the lack of the proverbial ha'porth of tar, in this case, spoiled the ship.

Union jobs

There is a great need for reform in the methods of election for trade-union positions.

One candidate who has taken part in three national ballots for his salaried post states that it cost him £130 for printing and posting his election literature to all branches.

It is unfair that working men should be called upon to bear such a heavy burden, which could be avoided by unions agreeing to circulate election matter and charging the cost to union funds.

Whose house?

Special consideration is now being given by the departmental committee on the Rent Restrictions Act to cases of people who have bought houses for their own occupation, but cannot secure possession.

Many people are paying high rent for poor accommodation in rooms while occupants of houses they have bought are enjoying good homes at low rentals.

Before recommending the decontrol of such houses, the committee will hear both sides of the case, particularly as to whether there is now sufficient alternative accommodation to prevent the hardship of eviction.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Shame!

Oldham Corporation ought to think shame of itself.

Some months ago we told how officers of the Oldham police came to London, arrested and took away Mr. W. H. Fisher, a Plaistow merchant.

They had arrested the wrong man—but when Mr. Fisher sued the council for wrongful imprisonment, he lost the action on a technicality.

Though already ruined, the Corporation next made Mr. Fisher bankrupt in respect of the costs

Mr. Fisher was advised to apply for his immediate discharge from the bankruptcy, and it was granted, but the Oldham Council actually opposed the application!

No wonder the Registrar described the case as scandalous.

Hovels still

Is it true that local authorities in Scotland are deliberately holding back housing schemes?

Members of the Government are puzzled because houses have not been built in areas where thousands of families are huddled in overcrowded and insanitary houses, and official enquiries are to be held to expose the conditions which prevail.

If the local authorities persist in refusing to build, the Government may intervene with direct building.

Scotland has a shortage of 100,000 houses, and in Glasgow alone there are 13,000 condemned homes.

Those in peril

From Shetland comes a complaint that the Vee Skerries, a treacherous reef off the west side of the island, is inadequately marked at night.

It was here that the trawler *Ben Doran* was lost last year with all hands.

There is no other coast on the British Isles so ill-provided with lights, and it is time the complaint was investigated and remedied.

Leave to appeal

How many innocent prisoners are in jail solely because of their ignorance of the facts about leave to appeal?

The public may be unaware that leave to appeal is first granted by one judge, or refused if he thinks fit. If his application is refused, the prisoner may think this is final, but actually he has the right to apply for permission to appeal to a full court of three judges.

However fair and honest one judge may be, it is better still for a man to have the chance to argue his case for freedom before a full court.

Nerve

A Civil Servant, employed in London, wants a motor-car. He wants one taxed and insured until the end of the year, guaranteed, and complete with tools and full equipment.

These demands he sent to a motor firm with the information that he was prepared to pay £2 down and £2 a month for a total not exceeding £45.

If there was any charge for driving tuition, that would have to be included in the monthly payments.

Having staggered the firm with the cheek of this list of impossibilities, he crowned his effort by writing on official paper, using a Government envelope, and getting his letter posted "Official—paid."

Coal comfort

Two men were charged at Newport, Mon., with stealing four hundredweight of coal from a field adjoining the R.H.A. barracks.

An officer informed the court that the coal was strewn over the field to make a foundation for a jumping-ground for horses.

One of the accused was bold enough to describe this as a waste of coal. The chairman of the Bench replied that it was wrong to dictate to the Government.

We disagree. The men were doing wrong to steal the coal, but the military authorities are doing a far greater wrong in wilfully wasting coal when many a Welsh home has a cold and empty grate.

This may have been in the mind of the Bench when the case was dismissed on payment of costs.

Reversing a verdict

The action of the Rev. G. Henniker-Gotley, vicar of Wivelsfield, in the case of Herbert Frederick Cottingham, an ex-soldier who committed suicide, has brought us a flood of correspondence.

The vicar refused to allow the body to be taken into the church because the man had taken his own life.

It has been said that the vicar was

Dr. Hoare, the Coroner, who presided over the inquest

within his rights in thus refusing, but from a letter we have received from a high authority, it would appear that the vicar took an incorrect attitude.

He points out that the law of the Church for punishing the dead applies only to those who have laid violent hands on themselves while in their right mind. In this case, the verdict was one of unsound mind.

The vicar took it upon himself virtually to quash the inquest verdict.

Beggar taint

The practice of school-children making begging house-to-house calls for sports funds has become a definite nuisance in many districts.

The children even approach pedestrians and go as far afield from their school as their tireless energy permits.

Most parents rightly object to the practice, and the temptation offered by this casual handling of money is certainly not good for children.

It is time that some better and more dignified method was used.

The tragic ring

Emblem of love and happiness, a wedding-ring is sometimes a symbol of tragedy. A sad-faced man recently offered his wife's ring to a London pawnbroker.

The man lost his health in the war. Later, in his desire for independence, he took a temporary Post Office job, and thus lost his 20 per cent. disability pension.

Then he worked as a window-cleaner until illness struck down his wife and two little boys. He had to stay at home and nurse his little family.

The sequel was that cruel transaction in the pledge-office. And yet there are thousands of cases as bad as, and worse than, this.

In Scotland, too!

A new method of extracting money from bookmakers is being tried with success in Edinburgh.

The procedure is to wait until a bookie is very busy at a greyhound meeting, and then call at his house with a request for as much money as possible, because "the guv'nor" has had a bad night and wants the cash in order to pay out.

The scheme has worked well, and in one case the "messenger" was given 5s. for himself!

Poof!

This seems incredible, but we suggest it is worth an official enquiry:

A correspondent states that at the Royal Navy Victualling Yard at Deptford, London, S.E., there are some casks of salt pork which were "laid down" in 1854—the year of the Crimea.

Perhaps the authorities are afraid to remove them now!

Change at Crewe

The periodical "standing-off" of large numbers of workers at the Crewe shops of the L.M.S. Railway will cease for some time as the result of an order for seventy-five traffic engines, in addition to the twenty-five already allowed for.

This announcement means a year's steady employment for the works and another knock for the "things-couldn't-possibly-be-worse" gentry.

Pricked arms

The Minister of Health has been giving attention to compulsory vaccination of children, and now Mr. T. E. Groves, M.P., is to ask the House to give a second reading to his Bill to repeal this law.

His Bill for repeal . . .

There is a weighty opinion on the side of compulsion, but the Bill will give an opportunity for an authoritative review of the position.

Present conditions are far from satisfactory. Magistrates are granting an enormous number of exemptions, and there seems some danger of the present law breaking down.

It will be interesting to learn the conclusions of the Minister of Health.

Cut off!

Mr. S. T. Hunn, of Sidcup, has the pleasure of seeing his name in the telephone directory with a number allotted to him—the only thing he lacks is a telephone.

The Postmaster-General cannot induce the local council to consent to the erection of a line that would connect Mr. Hunn with the telephone service.

The Post Office would be quick enough to seek compulsory powers if any inconvenience was suffered by its own bureaucrats.

Telephone trick

Automatic telephone-booths are the latest field to be exploited by ingenious crooks, who block the return chute so that coins cannot drop into the cup when button "B" is pressed.

Subscribers who thus fail to get their money back imagine the machine is out of order and go off to write indignant letters to the Postmaster-General, while the crook clears the chute.

One instrument was found to have been tampered with in this way recently, and the blocked chute yielded returned coins to the value of several shillings.

Hero of the pit

To the long list of collier heroes must be added the name of Edward James, of Dunraven Street, Treorchy, who gave his life to save a boy.

James was working in the Fernhill Colliery, Blaenrhondda, with his young helper, Francis Lewis. Hearing the lad cry for help, James ran to him and got him clear of the falling roof.

His action was sheer self-sacrifice, for he was struck by a huge stone and killed.

Posthumous awards for industrial bravery are seldom made, but we hope the Carnegie Hero Trust Fund will investigate this case.

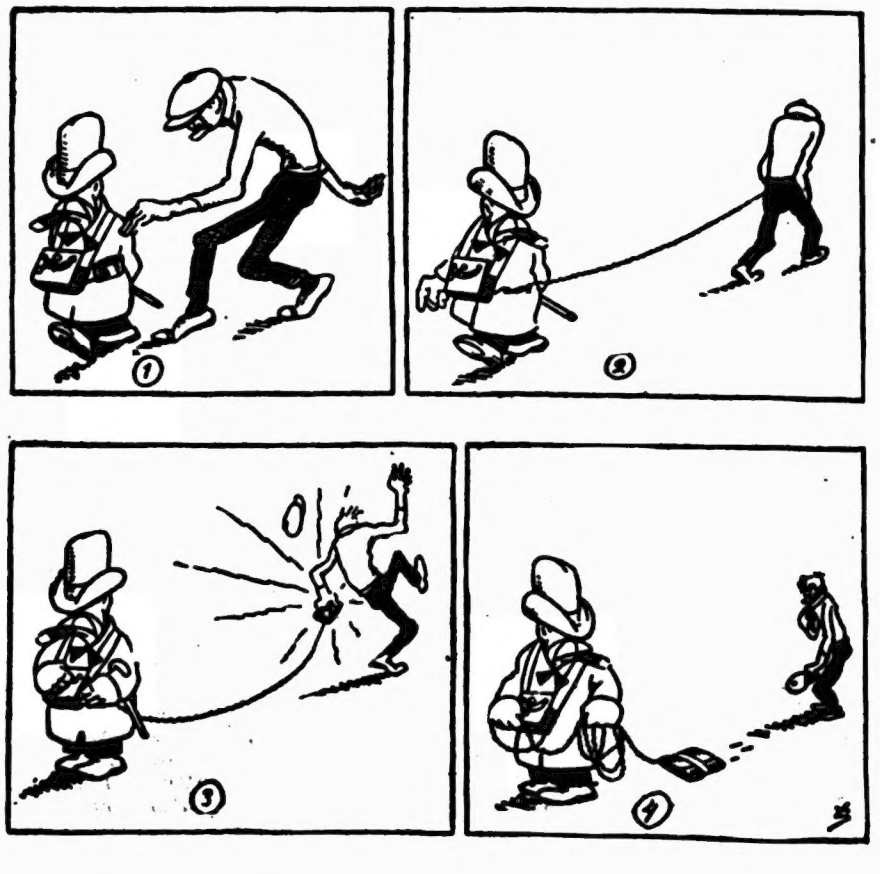
A heavenly business

A Barton-on-Humber reader recently paid a shilling to Professor Wallace Elroy, of 37, Albemarle Street, London, W., and in return got a reading of the future.

The client has been approached by Mr. Chas. H. Howle, of 23, Ilfracombe Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, who wants him to take a course of lessons with the object of making a fortune in the mail-order business.

We do not say there is any collusion between the professor and Mr. Howle, but it is remarkable that a reader at Barton-on-Humber should be approached by a man in Southend so soon after receiving a highly flattering horoscope.

Pickpockets, Beware of— —ADAMSON



The MAN WHO Muddles Murders

Menace of the Coroner

by
R. Hopkin MORRIS, M.P.

Mr. Hopkin Morris put an amending measure before Parliament

WHAT is wrong with the present coroner system? Thousands of people, laymen and lawyers alike, have seriously begun to question both the necessity and justice of the enormous and arrogant powers vested in the coroner's office.

Recent sensational cases have thrown a limelight on the functions of coroners' courts, but few members of the general public are aware of the traditional sources and enactments whereby the coroner exerts his peculiar powers.

The office of coroner is one of great antiquity, the origins of which are lost in obscurity.

That it was an office of great dignity is evidenced by the fact that the coroner ranked next to the sheriff in the official hierarchy of the county.

To-day a county or borough coroner and his deputy and assistant-deputy must be a barrister, solicitor or legally qualified medical practitioner of not less than five years' standing in his profession.

While the main duties of the coroner at one time were to safeguard the King's revenues, such as the forfeited chattels of felons, wrecks, treasure-trove, to-day his main duties are to enquire into the cause of death.

When the coroner is informed of a death within his jurisdiction, and there is reasonable cause to suspect that such death was violent or unnatural, or that it was a sudden death of which the cause is unknown, then the coroner must hold an enquiry touching that death.

Recent shocks

IN cases of murder and manslaughter he must be assisted by a jury, and in accordance with the Coroners Act of 1887:

"After hearing the evidence the jury shall give their verdict, and certify it by an inquisition in writing, setting forth, so far as such particulars have been proved to them, who the deceased was, and how, when and where the deceased came by his death, and if he came by his death by murder or manslaughter, the persons, if any, whom the jury find to have been guilty of such murder or manslaughter."

Where a person is so charged with murder or manslaughter he is then arrested and committed for trial upon the coroner's warrant.

In cases of murder and manslaughter the coroner's court has therefore to enquire not only into the cause of death, but it is also charged with the duty of ascertaining as far as possible the person or persons who are guilty of such murder or manslaughter.

This latter provision is one which in present-day circumstances has caused considerable uneasiness and dissatisfaction—and I have no doubt the reader will recall the uneasiness in the public mind over several recent cases—both to the public generally and among leading lawyers and criminologists.

Peril of prejudice

HOWEVER necessary this provision may have been in times gone by, when the coroner's court provided a convenient procedure for the detection of crime, its continuation to-day tends in some cases to prejudice the fair trial of the person accused, while in other cases it results in a positive injustice being done to the accused person.

Take, for instance, the cases that fall into the first group, and here the injustice is twofold.

The coroner's court is not bound by the rules of evidence. Hearsay evidence is admitted, and upon such evidence a person may be charged.

The procedure before these courts has been condemned in definite terms by no less an authority than Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, who was at one time Assistant-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

He has stated: "The police can quite properly hope that something may emerge during the coroner's inquest which will justify them at a later date in making an arrest.

"That something obviously is a damaging admission made by the suspected person under circumstances which can only be described as most improper and oppressive."

But this is not the only difficulty that arises.

The evidence, such as it is, is published at length in all the newspapers, and it would be difficult in these days to find twelve jurors who had not read these details and whose minds had not been influenced before the trial by much that would not be admissible at the trial itself.

A war of courts

THE result in the second group of cases is only slightly less serious. Where in the case of murder or manslaughter a person is arrested while the inquest is proceeding, the coroner must, unless he has good reason to the contrary, adjourn the inquest.

If that person is charged on indictment and acquitted by the Assize Court, the coroner's jury cannot later bring in a verdict against that person. But if the charge has merely been dismissed by the magistrates—that is if the magistrates have found that there is no *primâ facie* case—the accused can none the less be later committed for trial upon the coroner's warrant.

A case of this kind was tried before Mr. Justice Roche on the Oxford Circuit in January, 1929. That learned judge, in his charge to the grand jury, said:

"The matter that gave rise to the charge was that a boy named Herbert was shot dead, and there was no question that accused was the person who shot him.

"What happened with regard to the legal proceedings was that first of all the inquest had begun, and very naturally, and certainly quite properly, the coroner thought fit to adjourn the proceedings until the magistrates had dealt with the case.

"The magistrates, having heard the case *very thoroughly*, thought there was no ground for committal. They thought it was a case of pure accident, and dismissed it. The matter had then gone back to the coroner, who had to finish his inquest. The coroner and the coroner's jury, notwithstanding the determination of the magistrates, took a different view."

The learned judge expressed the view that there was really no case for manslaughter, and the grand jury threw out the bill.

In March of this year a postman was charged at the Sussex Assizes with the manslaughter of his six-year-old daughter. The magistrates had dismissed the charge, but the accused was none the less committed for trial upon the coroner's warrant.

In this case Mr. Justice McCardie stated: "I regret that M—— has been committed to this court, because it has placed him, and his wife too, in an agony of suffering. The evidence was not sufficient to justify the accusation."

Other instances could be added, but these will suffice. In these cases there is not only the agony to which the accused person is condemned, but he is also compelled to find the costs of his defence and the taxpayer is called upon to foot the bill for the prosecution.

The time has come to modify the jurisdiction of the coroner's court and to limit its functions to ascertaining the cause of death and nothing more.

It is no answer to say, as the Home Secretary does, that 30,000 inquests were held in 1927 and that the existing law worked on the whole satisfactorily.

Doubly urgent

ONLY a small number of this total involves questions of murder or manslaughter, and that is the number that matters.

Nor is it an answer to say that the law was amended in 1926 and that it is undesirable to make a further amendment after so short an interval.

No law ought to go unamended if it can be shown, as it can be shown in this case, that it results in injustice.

On two occasions the House of Commons has given leave, without a division, for the introduction of an Amending Bill, but unless the Government grants facilities there is no hope of such a Bill reaching the Statute Book.

This, however, is a matter of such importance that it ought not to be left to the private Member, but should be presented as a Government measure and its passage into law ensured.

A COCKTAIL for a COMMISSION

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, K.C.B.,
Director, London School of Economics

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Your evidence at the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance was the most striking that has been heard by that body. The fact that you were formerly Director of Labour Exchanges, and indeed their father, lends additional weight to your words.

You attacked the whole existing basis of insurance. The present system, you said, bears no resemblance to the original scheme, and has become in many cases a means of subsidising casual industries and insufficient wages. The benefit is "neither insurance nor a spreading of wages, but out-relief financed mainly by a tax on employment."

Your proposal for a 5s. tax on dismissals to discourage irregular employment may or may not be feasible, but the principle is sound that we must endeavour to penalise the employers as well as the workmen who abuse the fund.

The contention, too, is unassailable that the fundamental evil of the present scheme is its failure to discriminate between types of unemployment which present profoundly different problems. Workless miners, for example, cannot be successfully dealt with on the same basis as intermittently employed married women.

I shall be disappointed if the commission does not investigate your suggestions.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES,
Home Secretary

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—I am glad you realise the "increasing public interest" in the need for reforming English law as applied to sweepstakes and that your mind is not closed to the point. There is certainly distinct need for an enquiry.

Ostensibly, the hospitals are antagonistic to lotteries, but this is only because so many of their regular contributors are anti-gamblers.

You will be well advised to take this point with one fact in mind. This is it: Antagonistic or not, would any of our hospitals decline to accept the gift of thousands of pounds contributed by a sporting public?

You might also remember that a vast sum of English money is now keeping Irish hospitals going. Where does charity begin?

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN REITH,
Director-General B.B.C., London

DEAR SIR JOHN,—When you visit America to attend next month's conferences on education in relation to broadcasting, you may get some new ideas for improving British programmes.

There is a general demand for an improvement in the quality and variety of Sunday broadcasting, but apart from that, I still have a bone to pick.

The weekday programmes are a long way from the quality they could so easily attain.

How about using that extra grant from the Government for the payment of more and better talent?

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MacDONALD,
10, Downing Street, London, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Airship construction and experiment has now become a question for the whole Cabinet to decide. It cannot be left to a single Minister, be he expert or lay.

The weight of public opinion is heavily against the expenditure of more gallant lives and a mass of money on these very dubious air monsters.

Any Government which sanctions a flight of *R100*, the remaining death-trap, will risk its existence should disaster again follow.

The report of the Committee of Enquiry on the *R101* crash merely confirms the urgency of my appeal to scrap the *R100*.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. THOMAS SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of War

DEAR MR. SHAW,—No one knows better than you that there are still wounded soldiers in hospital, despite the fact that the war has been over for thirteen years.

I wish to direct your attention to the fact that the hospital blue uniform, which years ago was a distinction, is now a shoddy disgrace. The men themselves think so; they have told me so.

Young men and women, who were children during the war, imagine sometimes that these heroes are paupers from some charitable institution.

Why not give the men back their honourable khaki if you cannot give them decent suits of mufti?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. SHORT, M.P.,
Parliamentary Under-Sec., Home Office

DEAR MR. SHORT,—I rejoice to see that, after Mr. Lloyd George's statement in Parliament you speedily ordered the release of the youth of eighteen who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for taking a pheasant.

The fact that the chairman of the Bench left the court during the hearing of the case and conferred with the owner of the estate, the evidence continuing in his absence, is yet another illustration of the need for stipendiary magistrates.

I have advocated this so many times, and get such glaring examples of the injustice of rural magistrates, that I am surprised your department does not take action.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. STUART DEACON,
Stipendiary Magistrate, Liverpool

LENIENT SIR,—When Hennessey, the Cork fireman, and Salon, the London hairdresser, were charged with stowing away on the s.s. *Manzanares*, you were told that both men had worked well after being discovered, and were described by an officer from the ship as "splendid fellows."

Accordingly, you bound them over, and the result of your leniency is that both men have been engaged on the *Manzanares* at regular rates of pay.

I combine congratulations to you with thanks to the owners of the ship. Between you, a little sunshine has been brought into the lives of two men who had tramped miles in search of work.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—You have made many enlightening comments on the housing situation, but you have never yet stated the number of empty houses.

They are legion. Multitudes of these have been standing empty for long periods, even in towns where people have been compelled to pay through the nose for odd rooms.

I can assure you that if you take a census of empty houses you will be surprised that you will be only too eager to do something about it.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

Wanted: a Sweeping Statement—Punch-drunk Boxers

Mr. LIONEL BETTINSON,
Manager, National Sporting Club

DEAR MR. BETTINSON,—With headquarters at Earl's Court, London, associated with stadiums in Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin and Paris, your scheme to revive the old National Sporting Club catches the imagination.

First of all, you must set the pace by shutting out the grasping boxing-manager who wrings our young boys dry and flings them aside.

There are at least three young men to-day who would have been champions at their weights had they not been worked to death as mere boys for paltry fees.

We must have no more of these "punch-drunk" boxers.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MEDICAL OFFICER DUNSTONE (Nottingham): "I'm afraid I shall not have much success in putting down kissing in this town."

Look after the germs and leave national amusements alone.

* * *

THE RT. HON. TOM SHAW: "The Army, so far as we can arrange it, will not be used against the workers, and in favour of the employers."

It would be monstrous to think of the Army being used against workers—or employers.

* * *

SIR JOHN FERGUSON, M.P.: "Unemployment is the only feature of life in this country of which I am afraid."

So there is nothing to fear from such little things as cruelty, injustice, profiteering, slum landlordism, etc., etc.

Not from the B.B.C.—Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, sings—

The Long, Long Legal Trail

WHEN to the Woolsack I was called,
Said I to myself, said I!
"Small wonder people are appalled"—
Said I to myself, said I—
"At the heavy cost and long delays
Of Justice in these post-war days!
I'll change it all and win high praise,"
Said I to myself, said I!

"But now these robes for a while I've worn,"
Say I to myself, say I;
"I look in my glass and feel forlorn,"
Say I to myself, say I.
"With many problems I would have coped
By now if things were as I'd hoped,
And the Law was less like a donkey doped"—
Say I to myself, say I!

Unfortunately, it is one thing to be full of good intentions and quite another to give effect to them; especially when one is entangled in a network of prejudices and precedents inherited from one's predecessors in office.

When I view the work of the Law Courts, I am forced to admit that things are not as they should be. But then, alas! they never have been.

Some critics even assert that matters are getting worse, and I cannot deny that the record of work left undone at the conclusion of the Hilary Sittings does not make for hilarity.

When the sittings opened there were 948 cases set down for trial, and of these more than 670 are being carried over into the Easter sittings.

These arrears are heavier even than those of last year, for, what with various judges having been ill and the vacancy in the King's Bench not having been filled, the courts managed to deal with only 82 cases during February, compared with 136 in February of last year.

On all sides I hear complaints that justice delayed is justice denied and that litigation is the thief of time. But what can a mere Lord Chancellor do?

If I attempted to increase the number of judges the Chancellor of the Exchequer would oppose the majesty of his jaw to the majesty of the law, and if the existing judges agreed to shorter vacations and longer working hours the Bar would probably down briefs and go on strike.

Admittedly, much might be achieved by doing without juries in many civil cases where their presence is only an encouragement to the loquacity of counsel, by making it unprofitable for lawyers to advise clients to fight obviously hopeless cases, and by simplifying procedure generally.

But anybody who attempted reforms on these lines would be up against the united upholders of custom, precedent, self-interest, sanctified humbug and profitable procrastination.

The ways of the law are hallowed by age,
For deep in the past are their roots;
So eminent judges would bristle with rage,
While counsel would hurtle forth hoots
At any reformer who sought to go far
In altering things as they have been—and are.

The longest way round is the best of all ways
For pleaders bewigged and begowned;
What matter digressions, detours and delays,
While fees and refreshers abound?
And as for the litigants—they but exist
To furnish the mills of the law with their grist.

A WARNING TO *Uncle Arthur*

by A. G. GARDINER

I HOPE that Mr. Henderson is not going to blot his copy-book. If the present Government has reason to be proud of anything it is of the record of its Foreign Minister. It is an untarnished record.

Mr. Henderson has brought to the administration of his great office qualities of plain dealing, clear-headedness and patience that have surprised even those who knew him best and that have made him perhaps the most conspicuous personal success of the Government.

It is to be hoped that that record will not be blemished by handling of the storm that has blown up on the Continent through the announcement of the proposed Austro-German Customs Union.

The manner of that announcement was a little unconsidered, but, while admitting that, it is difficult to understand the intensity of the resentment it has aroused, mainly in France, but also in Italy and Czecho-Slovakia.

On the face of it nothing is more reasonable than that the two German-speaking countries whose territories march side by side should come to an agreement to abolish the tariff-wall that divides them commercially.

Why these threats?

Whatever our views on the fiscal question, all sane men agree that tariffs are one of the main causes of the lamentable plight of Europe today, and that any movement towards the removal of these obstructions to the trade currents of the world is to be welcomed.

Nor can it be urged that there is any exclusive element in the proposed union. It is understood that the signatory Powers are willing to extend the agreement to any other nation on the same terms.

Moreover, it is admitted that the union is unlikely to involve any real interference with the most-favoured-nation clause, and Mr. W. Graham stated in Parliament last week that he had no reason to think that it would have any adverse effect upon the interests of British trade.

And if that is so in the case of ourselves, we may assume that it is also the case in regard to France and the other Powers.

Why, then, the panic in France, the frenzied outbursts in the Paris Press and the menacing speech of M. Briand?

If the case was much stronger than it is, France is the last Power that should protest.

For has France not made treaties with Belgium and other Powers which have not been submitted to any other nation, and which, in breach of the explicit conditions laid down at Versailles, have to this day never been troubled at Geneva?

The old bogey

And these treaties, be it remembered, are not mere economic treaties, but secret political treaties dealing, we may assume, with problems of defence and offence.

It would seem that one nation may steal the sheep and another must not look over the hedge.

But, we are told, it is not the treaty that has aroused the panic. It is what is behind the treaty. It is the dread shadow of the *Anschluss*—a united Germany and Austria.

It is the fear that an economic understanding between Germany and Austria is the thin end of the wedge for a political union.

The desire for that union, certainly on the part of Austria, is undoubted. Austria is a mutilated fragment of what she once was, hedged round with tariff-walls and hostile Powers largely under the sway of France.

She needs breathing-space, and what more natural than that she should seek alliance with the nation whose tongue she speaks and whose territory she adjoins?

In a reasonable world no one would object to the fulfilment of her wish.

But France hates the *Anschluss* idea, and as France wagged the European dog at Versailles, the union of Germany and Austria was forbidden.

It is forbidden to-day, and it is to be forbidden to the end of time, no matter what the consequences.

Mr. Henderson, in dealing with this matter, has carefully avoided committing himself to either side of the quarrel.

He has signified his intention to raise the question of the legitimacy of the proposed union at the next council meeting of the League of Nations. This is a wise procedure.

But I am bound to say that in his speech to the House of Commons he gave ground for apprehension that this country is returning to the lamentable task of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for our Gallic neighbour.

We thought we had done with that rôle, and, lest the contrary should be the case, certain things need to be said plainly and emphatically.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that Germany's manner of announcing the union and her stiffness in insisting on her unchallenged right to make her own economic arrangements with the rest of the world is not an offensive act.

Snarling again—Hindenberg and Briand. Mr. Henderson, the Foreign Minister, must keep Britain out of this quarrel

Not to be driven

It is a declaration of her independence to her own people. For twelve years she has been disarmed, surrounded by bayonets and subjected to every indignity and disability.

What has been the result? Any other Power would have been driven into the arms of Russia long ago. She has not been.

But there has grown up a passionate rebellion among the people. On the one side is the Fascist rising which threatens the existence of the Republic; on the other is the Communist movement, equally disruptive.

Between the hammer and the anvil, the Government lives a perilous existence almost from day to day.

If the Republic falls and Germany collapses into chaos, it will be because Europe, under the hysterical leadership of France, has stung the German people beyond the limits of human endurance.

That catastrophe, which would postpone the recovery of Europe for a lifetime and possibly place the Continent under the heel of Russia, can only be averted in one way.

Let's all disarm!

It can only be averted by letting Germany out of prison, and restoring to her the privileges of a free and independent nation If she is disarmed, other nations must disarm.

If France may snap her fingers at the covenant and make secret political treaties with whom she chooses, then what right, in the name of commonsense, has France to forbid Germany to make innocent economic arrangements with her neighbour?

It is time that this monstrous folly should end. It must end some day.

It is unthinkable that a proud nation of sixty million people can be kept in fetters and treated as a pariah dog for ever and ever.

The amazing thing is that the outrage has endured so long. We, in the same circumstances, should have broken our prison years ago.

Let the folly end now We did not sacrifice a million lives in destroying German militarism in order to make French militarism the dictator of Europe.

Dead—and damned

By all means let this matter come before the League. I share Mr. Henderson's thankfulness that this great instrument is in being for the discussion of such matters. Without it, Europe would be a bear-garden indeed.

But the League itself cannot long continue to co-exist with the French policy of strangling Germany. And I hope Mr. Henderson will seize this occasion to show that, so far as this country is concerned, that policy is dead and damned.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

In the Way

THE other day I happened to be consulted about a case which strikes me as peculiarly sad. A half-paralysed man, well over four-score years of age, is having to change his domicile, and his relatives are quarrelling about it.

Nobody wants him. He is regarded as a burden and a nuisance, and the wonder is freely expressed that he manages to go on living at his great age and in such a helpless condition.

It is easy to see that the persons responsible for him want him to die.

I do not approve their attitude, but I can understand it. If this man in his prime had ever shown himself kind and unselfish to those about him it is unlikely that they would treat him as they do now.

I do not mean that they are cruel, but they show him plainly that they resent having to be responsible for him.

Human nature, as we know, can be very mean and ungrateful; but looking back on life and on my varied experience of men and women, I can say with confidence that, on the whole, a man reaps what he shows in the respect or disrespect, the affection or ill-will he receives from those about him.

A letter which has just reached me from overseas furnishes me with a curious illustration of this statement and has some bearing on the above-mentioned case.

A young wife resident in America heard of the death of her father and mother in England—a double bereavement within a few months.

On learning of the sorrowful event her husband's father and mother hastened at once to her home to express their sympathy. She refused to see them, giving as her reason for turning them from the door that she could not bear the knowledge that they were still alive and her own parents dead.

Some readers may think there is a funny side to this petulent display of a bad spirit; and, in fact, the lady's father-in-law, who possesses a sense of humour, admitted as much and gravely apologised for the offence of being alive.

One feels pretty safe in prophesying that this self-centred woman will need sympathy some day when it will not be offered.

The time is almost sure to come, as the years pass and youth is left behind, when her company will be unattractive to the younger generation.

If she abuses friendship now she will sigh for it in vain when it is no longer available.

Put your heart out at interest; it will be well worth your while. The investment will bring you a rich return in love even at the cost of a little pain.

It is far more blessed to suffer in bearing one another's burdens and healing one another's wounds than in being a derelict whom nobody wants and for whom nobody cares.

Huge Catering Frauds

OF A MYSTERIOUS "GREEK"

Innes (above) put the police off the track by posing as a Greek—a new and cunning ruse

Lord Derby, President of the Hotel Keepers and Restaurant Proprietors Protection Association, should warn the members against this impudent rogue

ONE or two daily papers recently reported the disappearance of a Greek named Dmitri Innes, who was stated to have managed a catering business in Glasgow.

It was said that he had absconded to the south of France, by aeroplane from Croydon, to avoid trouble after incurring heavy liabilities.

This brief report cloaks an astounding story, which JOHN BULL alone can reveal.

We can say at once that the missing man is not a Greek at all; that his name is not, and never has been, Dmitri Innes.

His real name is William Frederick Hector Pinkham, and he is an English rogue who, with Scotland Yard on his scent for earlier exploits, ingeniously became a "foreigner" to elude his pursuers.

This ruse not only succedeed in covering up his tracks, but, as we shall show, afforded him breathing-space to bring off some of the biggest coups of his career.

Smoke-screen

About a year ago, for reasons which will be apparent later, this person who now calls himself Innes found it expedient to disappear from London, and the general belief was that he had gone abroad.

Actually, he had established himself in Glasgow as a café proprietor, renting two small shops in obscure parts of the city, and contenting himself for the time being with conducting what appeared to be a modest catering business.

Passing as a Greek, he was thus enabled to remain in "open" hiding while a warrant was outstanding against him in another name for obtaining money by false pretences in a scheme for publishing a chain of political newspapers.

In October last he deemed it safe to launch out more ambitiously, and, by various ruses, contrived to acquire important premises in the heart of Glasgow.

His object was the opening of a luxury restaurant that would equal in lavishness and efficiency the best in the West End of London.

He furthered his scheme through a company called Innes Restaurants and Bakeries, Ltd.

He believed, as he always has done, in doing everything lavishly, and entered into arrangements whereby the property leased to him for a period of five years could finally become his own on payment of £30,000.

Genius of bluff

Raising capital through plausible and alluring Press announcements has never presented difficulties to him, and his genius in this respect soon brought him men with money, whom he induced to pay substantial premiums in return for staff appointments in his new venture.

In a brief space of time he had obtained £3,000 from employees in this way, and soon flaming electric signs announced the opening of the new luxury establishment, which was to be regally known as "Prince's Restaurant." For two months he conducted business there on ultra-magnificent lines, and one important function was an elaborate dance given to the staff.

No one had the slightest suspicion that the caterer who was cutting such a dazzling figure in Glasgow was in reality a fugitive from justice.

But gradually the picture of prosperity began to fade.

Creditors who had throughout the brief existence of the luxurious Prince's Restaurant supplied Innes Restaurant and Bakeries, Ltd., with miscellaneous goods, found themselves compelled to issue writs for the large sums of money due to them.

Then came a day when the dazzling electric signs were dimmed; and the resplendent Mr. Innes had ceased to shine, too.

His hundred-odd employees found themselves suddenly unemployed, their current salaries unpaid, and some with their savings gone.

As for the missing Mr. Innes, he had worked his coup so adroitly that, apart from the £3,000 from employees and the takings at the Prince's Restaurant, he had fraudulently obtained goods on credit to the value of nearly £30,000.

Versatile crook

Saddened creditors who have latterly flocked to the police to relate their almost incredible experiences have found little to console them.

Their united laments form but one more episode in an astounding career of roguery.

Political agent, journalist, money-lender, country squire and sundriesman are a few of the poses Innes has adopted, while his aliases include those of Charles Henry Jeffreys, M.A., Charles Weymouth, Jeffrey Rosenthal, William Frederick Pinkham, Bingham, Gumbs, Ryan, Bernardi and Bonelli.

Ever since his schooldays he has persistently followed a reckless and extravagant mode of living committing cheque frauds, forgery and many other forms of crime.

Maids in his mesh

As far back as 1911 he ran a fraudulent business in Essex, trading in goods which he obtained by fraud.

He is adept at separating investors' employees from their savings, and two companies through which he has operated in this respect are the United Finance Association, Ltd., and the British Loan Investment Company, from offices in Haymarket, London.

In both these bogus ventures he used flamboyant Press announcements, and many dupes parted with £200 a time in what were purely fraudulent schemes.

His many victims even include jewellers, from whom he has obtained diamonds "on approval," and servant-girls who, like his Glasgow restaurant staff, were left without their wages in a fine country house that he maintained last year in Hertfordshire.

He is skilled in all forms of disguise. Once, though only thirty-five, he grew a handsome beard to conceal his identity when the police badly wanted him.

The alien pose

On one occasion he succeeded in persuading the public to invest in a ridiculous scheme in which he promised the return 60 per cent. profit.

He himself netted 100 per cent. in each case, for his dupes got nothing at all.

This, then, is the mystery "Greek" revealed in his true colours.

He Tricks

PETER and PAUL

TO a certain Mr. R. Wilson, of no fixed address, must be accorded the credit for evolving a new type of employment-with-investment fraud, which, for sheer ingenuity, could scarcely be equalled.

He has been operating with conspicuous success in the West of England, and the story of a recent coup in Plymouth will serve to illustrate his methods.

Advertising in a local paper that he was prepared to pay £800 for a satisfactory tobacco and confectionery business, he ultimately represented himself as a prospective purchaser of a shop for which a much lower price was being asked.

The very fact that he had advertised his readiness to go up to £800 naturally implied that he was a man of substance, and his appearance—he is a smartly-dressed man of sixty or so—is that of a prosperous business man.

* * *

After preliminary arrangements for the purchase had been discussed, Wilson, who described himself as an accountant and auditor, of Cromwell Road, Bath, declared that he must make one stipulation.

He would like to put his man in the shop for a week, just to satisfy himself that the turnover was as stated.

This arrangement, he added, would have the double advantage of giving his assistant a chance to acquaint himself with the business.

* * *

The shopkeeper agreed, because Mr. Wilson had practically given his assurance that he was most anxious to clinch the deal.

But the vendor was unaware that Wilson had already advertised for a man to take charge of a small tobacconist's shop, offering a salary of nearly £3 a week, with commission.

Nor was he aware that Wilson had interviewed a prospective manager and had agreed to employ him on condition that he deposited £50 as security.

Wilson was thus able to play off one dupe against another. He brought along the new manager, introduced him and left him to "learn the ropes" as arranged.

That was the last seen of the prosperous-looking "accountant and auditor." At the week's end he was not on hand to complete the purchase of the business or to pay his manager's salary.

It was only then that the shopowner discovered that the man who had been sent to learn the business had been fleeced of £50 and had been led to believe that Wilson had already completed the purchase.

* * *

While operating this ingenious swindle in Plymouth, Wilson stayed at a high-class hotel, the proprietors of which he has also duped to the extent of several pounds.

All that can now be discovered about him is that his real name is Watson, and that he is "wanted" in a number of towns.

A Frost-bitten Young Fugitive

A SHERIFF at Aberdeen has just sent a sixteen-year-old girl, Kathleen Rae, to Borstal for three years.

Scottish courts are distinguished for the strict fairness of their procedure and punishments, and especially for their kindly treatment of those who have been driven to crime by wrongs inflicted upon them.

For this reason we are satisfied that the sheriff would not have imposed this terribly severe sentence upon a child if he or the prosecuting authorities had known as much as we do about this particular case.

Behind it are a number of scandalous incidents which should have the personal attention of the Secretary for Scotland, so that there shall be no repetition of them.

Trouble at school

Just over two years ago Kathleen Rae, who is the daughter of a soldier killed in the war, and who lived with her mother in an excellent home at Haig Avenue, Sinclairtown, Kirkcaldy, complained that she was very unhappy at school.

Her mother attributed the girl's misery to the fact that she was an extremely sensitive child and had an intense dread of punishment of any kind.

As only a few weeks had then to elapse until her daughter reached the school-leaving age, however, Mrs. Rae persuaded her to return.

But one day soon afterwards Kathleen came home from school sobbing and in a hysterical state.

She declared that she would never in any circumstances go back, and when told she would have to do so, she ran away from home.

Her absence was a brief one. In a few hours she was found by a policeman, to whom she admitted that, becoming hungry, she had stolen a bottle of milk from a doorway.

Kathleen was brought before the court, and, despite her mother's entreaties and protests, was ordered to be sent for two years to an institution known as Dr. Guthrie's Industrial School at Gilmorton, Edinburgh.

Raided pittance

Mrs. Rae receives a War Office widow's pension of 30s. weekly, and without agreement or consultation with her, a portion of it was deducted for the next two years for her daughter's maintenance.

Here a circumstance arises which certainly requires explanation.

After a period Kathleen and another girl were sent by the institution to work as domestic servants in a privately-conducted hostel for business women in Edinburgh.

Presumably Miss Rae's labour was worthy of some reward from those to whom she had been hired out.

But she received nothing. Yet her mother was also paying for her maintenance in the industrial school to which the child had been sent by the court.

The other girl who had been sent out to work with Kathleen fell ill, and she had to do the duties of both.

Smarting under the injustice to which she was subjected, Kathleen ran away from the hostel where she was being made to work for nothing and went to her home in Kirkcaldy.

Her mother communicated at once with the superintendent of the industrial school, and received an instruction by telegram to keep the girl at home until the directors of the institution reached a decision regarding her.

Whipped away

Then, at seven o'clock one morning three weeks later, a policeman called at the house and said Kathleen would have to accompany him there and then to the Sheriff Court in the town of Cupar in connection with her flight from Edinburgh.

Mrs. Rae was led to believe that the proceedings would be formal.

She felt no apprehension whatever in view of the telegram she had received and the further fact that, if her daughter had remained in Edinburgh for only one day more, the two years' detention to which she had been sentenced would have expired.

When night came Kathleen had not returned, and the distracted mother sent a message to the industrial school at Edinburgh asking for information.

But two weeks passed before any news came. Then Mrs. Rae was astounded to learn that the girl had been sent to another institution, this time in Aberdeen, a long way from her home.

Unknown to the mother, her child had been charged at Cupar with absconding from the industrial school at Edinburgh.

If Mrs. Rae had known that Kathleen's future was again in such jeopardy she would certainly have gone to the court with her.

And we are certain that the sheriff would have immediately ordered the girl to be released if he had known that she had not absconded from an industrial school, but from a kind of private club where she had been working without wages.

Exploitation

We wonder to what extent this form of child labour is rampant in Scotland. It is worse than ludicrous that young people dealt with by courts of justice should afterwards be exploited in this manner.

Exactly the same thing happened when Kathleen reached the institution in Aberdeen.

She was at once put out again to domestic service—without wages, of course—and was told that whatever she earned would go to the institution.

We cannot condemn anyone who could successfully resist or evade such barbaric conditions.

But Kathleen was so far away from her home and her mother that she was helpless in her protests.

Alone—frost-bitten

So she took a few articles of clothing and sold them to raise the railway fare back to Kirkcaldy. They fetched only a few coins, however, and the broken-hearted child, alone and friendless in a strange place, went into hiding.

She took shelter for ten days in an unfinished house from snowstorms and intense cold.

Her feet were frost-bitten when she was found there by the police, and she had to spend the next month in a prison hospital.

Now she has been haled before the Aberdeen sheriff and sentenced to three years in Borstal!

Virtually, more than five years' incarceration in consequence of having stolen a bottle of milk and then refusing to pay the penalty.

If a spark of sympathy or understanding remains alive in the Scottish penal system to-day, we look for the immediate release of Kathleen Rae from her terrible fate and the quick reform of the conditions which have brought her to it.

Hunted Girl: WICKED SENTENCE

. . . the Rt. Hon. W. Adamson, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland

This high-handed action demands the attention of the Chief Government Whip, the Rt. Hon. T. Kennedy, Member for Kirkcaldy, who should act with . . .

A WEEK-END MOTOR RUSHER

MR JOHN RUSH is a man who seems to possess an uncanny gift for gathering information about other people's affairs, and for using such knowledge to enrich himself by fraud.

Practice has made him adept in this respect, as a resident of Timperley, Cheshire, knows to his cost.

Rush called upon him, wearing a double-breasted motoring coat, and politely explained that he was a friend of the man's daughter, who was then staying in Newlands, Glasgow.

In fact, he was going to bring the daughter down with him for the following week-end.

His presence at the moment was due to an accident. His car had broken down on the road, and repairs, amounting to over £10, had run away with all his spare cash.

He was made welcome and given a generous sum of money to "tide him over"; then he departed, saying he would look forward to his week-end visit.

He has not been seen since, and the Timperley man has learnt on communicating with his daughter that Rush is an impostor.

Meanwhile Rush, who changes his name at will, has similarly imposed upon people in various parts of the country.

The Bogus Man from Whitehall

HOUSEWIVES should be on their guard against a suave individual who is visiting suburban houses after husbands have departed for work.

He introduces himself as a sanitary inspector, and gains admittance by saying that an anonymous letter of complaint has been received regarding the condition of one or two houses in that particular block.

Then he asks permission to inspect one or two rooms, and creates an impressive atmosphere by tapping walls with a pencil and listening intently with his ear pressed against certain spots.

When an upper room is entered he pretends to have located trouble of some sort, and requests the housewife to go downstairs and tap sharply on the wall immediately below him.

Many women in West and South-West London, where this "inspector" has been active recently, have been caught off their guard in this way.

They have subsequently discovered that articles of value are missing.

One poor woman lost a purse containing every penny of her savings and her latchkey as well.

That this impostor is a man of great resource is evident by his coolness when challenged by a householder who happened to be acquainted with the local sanitary inspector.

"Oh," murmured the man calmly, "I'm not from the borough, you know; I've been sent down specially from Whitehall."

And his bluff worked.

This cunning sneak-thief gives no name, of course, but he is a slimly-built man of medium height, who usually wears a bowler hat and overcoat.

Householders who may have a visitor of this description should not hesitate to inform the police.

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NOTE.—These extra gifts are for full cash with order only, and will not be sent to credit customers.

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Height at Front 12in., & at Back 18in.

Made of 1in. well-seasoned Yellow Deal with necessary parting pieces and runners for the lights which are 2in. thick, complete with good 21oz. for glazing, fitted with iron handles, unpainted.

Size.	Usual Price.	Clearance Price
1 Light Frame .. 4ft. x 3ft.	£1 7 6	£0 13 9
1 " " .. 6ft. x 4ft.	2 2 6	1 1 3
2 " " .. 6ft. x 4ft.	2 10 0	1 5 0
2 " " .. 8ft. x 6ft.	3 12 6	1 16 3
3 " " .. 12ft. x 6ft.	5 7 6	2 11 9
4 " " .. 14ft. x 6ft.	7 15 0	3 17 6
5 " " .. 20ft. x 6ft.	9 0 0	4 10 0
6 " " .. 24ft. x 6ft.	10 15 0	5 7 6

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Works: Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

Complete with **12** TEN-INCH DOUBLE-SIDED Records

Magnificent Hornless Gramophone, polished Oak Cabinet, powerful and smooth running Motor, 10in Turntable, Taper Tone Arm, natural tone reproducer, and 12 brilliant 10in double-sided records. Price £3.10.0
TERMS: 5/- now and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval. *Catalogue & Record List Post Free.*
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Increase your Income

by organising 1/- weekly clubs. "Our Goods are the best—Our Commission the highest." The two wonderful Bargains illustrated are supplied (Each) CARRIAGE PAID 20/-.

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Write Now for Free Catalogue and full particulars. This opportunity is offered by a firm of Repute.

This strongly-made Solid Oak Bedstead, with Diamond-Mesh Mattress—3 ft. wide. SUPPLIED, CARRIAGE PAID, 39/-.

"THE PERSONAL SERVICE HOUSE."

This Splendid Household Wringer, complete with patent Labour Saving Handle, Carriage Paid, 20/

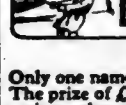
DAVE'S BENEFIT STORES, Dept. 4, 136, ASHTON NEW ROAD, MANCHESTER.

No. 2. 'PLUS TWO' **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

£300 FREE CONTEST BEHEADED NAMES

Conducted by the manufacturers of 'Plus Two' Cigarettes.

What well-known surnames are these? Solve the ten below and win a big prize

1. OX
2. BEECH
3. EARS
4. OOT
5.  RAY
6. OCK
7. DODGE
8. ALL
9. EE
10. YERS

1ST PRIZE £200

2ND PRIZE £100

The missing letters are represented by the initial letter of the word illustrated.

RULES

Only one name must be given to each space.
The prize of £200 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution. Failing this the prize will be awarded to the next best. The Second Prize is £100.
If more than one person share a prize, it will be divided equally among them.
The Competition Editor of the DAILY SKETCH and SUNDAY GRAPHIC will act as Judge, and his decision is final and legally binding. Employees of Godfrey Phillips Ltd. and members of their families may not compete.
When you have filled in the entry form, add your name and address in block capitals.
Each double entry form must be accompanied by that piece of flap containing the words "PLUS TWO PUSH THIS END" taken from a 6d. packet of 12 "PLUS TWO" cigarettes (or two 3d. packet flaps). You may send in as many single or double entries as you like on this basis. The flap from a 1/- packet of 24 covers two double entries.

All entries to: Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Box No. 62, 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

Closing date is FRIDAY, APRIL 24th, 1931. Result will be announced in this paper on May 16th.

You may send in your efforts now or save them until the closing date.

IMPORTANT. Other entries—accompanied by the necessary pieces of flap—may be made on plain paper cut to the size of entry form, but only one side of the paper should be used. This offer may not appear again. Cut it out for reference

PLUS TWO CIGARETTES ENTRY FORM

1st ATTEMPT	2nd ATTEMPT
1.....	1.....
2.....	2.....
3.....	3.....
4.....	4.....
5.....	5.....
6.....	6.....
7.....	7.....
8.....	8.....
9.....	9.....
10.....	10.....

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.4.

.....

PLUS TWO Cigarettes 6 for 3d 12 for 6d

£1,100 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 107

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error only were received from the following four competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £250 will be despatched.

A. BARNES, 95, High Street, Starbeck, Harrogate, J. BARNES, 93, High Street, Starbeck, Harrogate. Miss A. SNEDDON, 10, Comely Park Place, Glasgow, J. H. SYMONS, "Calston," Collington Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Solutions containing two errors each were received from 68 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £1 9s. 5d. A list of the above winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £1,100 X-Word appears on page 32 Try Your skill Now!

One-Two-Three! And Ugly Hairs Are Gone!

It's just as simple as that—no razor—no irritation—no unpleasant odour—no bother—no bristly regrowth.

1 Apply VEET, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.
2 After a few minutes wash off. Not a hair remains, not even a shadow.
3 And the skin is soft and smooth, as if there never had been any hair on it.
VEET

Lonely Women's Homes Sensation

THE statement I made three weeks ago about the United Citizens Investment Trust has brought several letters to my department.

There have also been other developments.

A great deal of controversy, I find, has risen over a concern called the United Women's Homes Association, Ltd., in which thousands of working women are interested, having invested sums of £25 and upwards.

Its merits were originally extolled in a journal called *Feminine Life*, which, in turn, is owned by the United Women's Publishing Society, another company in the same group.

An investment of £25 carried with it various benefits. "Commodious and charming" flats would be available for members at remarkably low rentals.

Homes of rest

Premises would be built or acquired in various parts of the country for the provision of homes of rest, with unequalled facilities for recreation in pleasant surroundings.

Clubs, refreshment hostels, centres for sport and exercise, were all features of the scheme.

The main club for London, I should mention, was to be in the heart of Westminster, and is, in fact, now actually situated there—at Murray House, Vandon Street, London.

The idea is attractive enough in itself apart from the glowing offer of profits for investing members.

How is it, then, that the dreams have not been fully realised and that the scheme has latterly led to controversy and complaints?

Many of the members—they run into thousands—have seen no financial return for their investments in the United Women's Homes Association.

On the contrary, they complain that the attractive plans so loftily outlined have, in many respects, badly miscarried.

The promised dividends have not been paid for years, and it is quite clear that an unjustifiable optimism on the part of the sponsors of the scheme has been largely responsible for this.

Rank optimism

I have been able to obtain a copy of the shorthand notes of a meeting of the United Women's Homes Association, which took place at Murray House, Westminster, on May 20, 1930.

At this meeting, I regret to say, the Press was absent.

The meeting was a lamentable affair from many points of view, and while many bitter things were said about the concern, it is interesting to note that those representing the management were bound to confess that there had been mistakes in the past.

It was admitted, for example, that the earlier literature, on which much of the capital was obtained, was inspired by the sheerest optimism.

Gloomy outlook

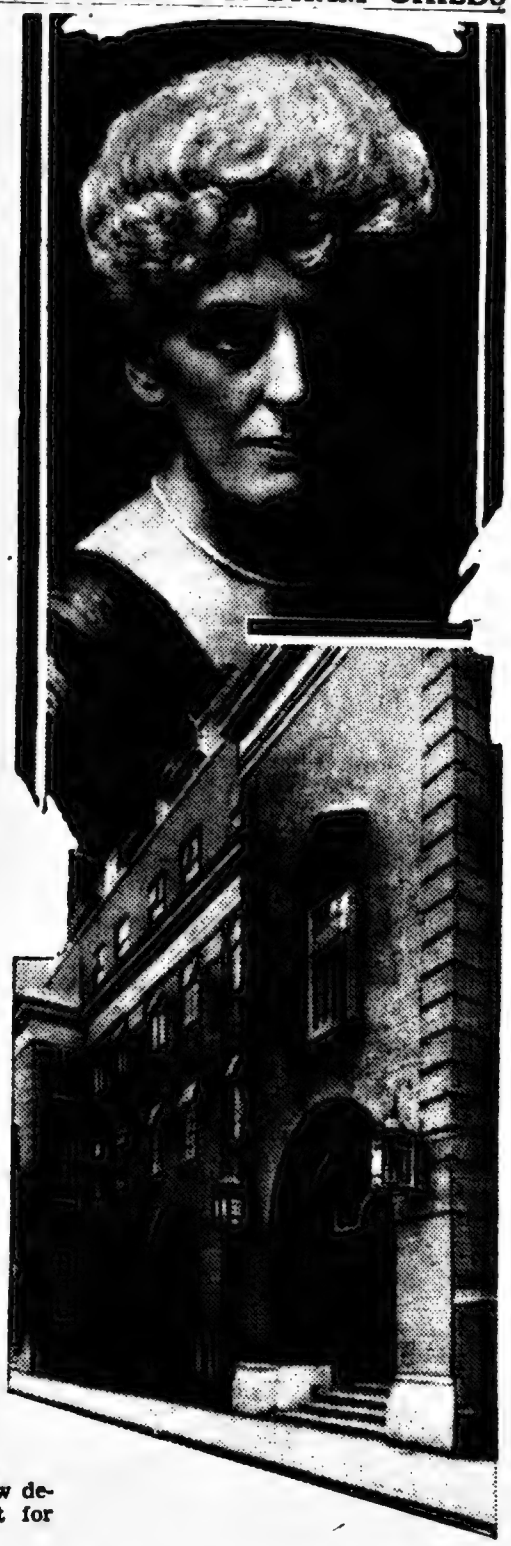
The chairman, Mr. Lawrence, had to admit to this meeting that the time when dividends could be paid—at any rate, on the scale promised in the literature—was definitely past.

It was further admitted that while the dividends originally promised to women when their investments were taken were thus not forthcoming, it was not only a question of past or present, but of future, too.

Money had since been raised on the issue of preference shares, the holders of which could, of course, claim priority of dividends when, if ever, they came along.

Among other queries, much was said about the transfer of £46,000 of the association's money to the ill-fated United Citizens Investment Trust, which is now in liquidation, and was the subject of my previous article.

All the directors could say in answers to numerous questions about this £46,000 investment was to admit lack of "infinite foresight" and to talk of "erring through zeal."



Lady Emmott, President of the Association, is a well-known authority on welfare matters. The building is Murray House, Westminster

I have purposely dealt at some length with this earlier meeting because a fortnight ago another annual meeting took place.

Anticipating this, I had kept in touch with several members and made full arrangements for gathering an authentic report of the proceedings.

Sorry scenes

The sorry scenes of the previous year were practically repeated, and again many bitter comments were made by members present.

There are still no dividends, and the prospect of any materialising seems as remote as ever.

Once again the question of the £46,000 transfer was raised, but no satisfactory report could be given regarding this, as the Trust to which it was transferred is still being wound up.

The report, I am afraid, will be further delayed owing to the fact that the liquidator, in regard to certain points of law which have arisen, has now decided to go to the High Court for guidance.

More queries

Feeling was so strong on this score that several members demanded to see the actual papers regarding the High Court action.

When the balance-sheet was put forward there were further questions, many members wishing to discuss it first.

Among the questions asked was why the £46,000 in dispute had not been invested in gilt-edged securities, which would have yielded sufficient to pay at least some part of the promised dividends.

I cannot help being moved by some of the pathetic scenes that occurred at this last meeting.

One poor woman tearfully begged that all members over seventy should have their cash refunded.

"I was almost one of the first to pay £25 down," she complained. "I had interest the first year, but nothing since then.

"I am over seventy-one, and only in receipt of 10s. pension to live on. Every penny I had I invested. . . . I haven't a penny to bury myself with. . . ."

The plight of this woman, I fear, is typical of many, and it is not surprising that this second meeting also ended with many dissentient voices.

The association, although paying no dividends for the reasons stated, has considerable assets and investments in property, and I am not for one moment casting the slightest aspersion on the integrity of the individuals who are responsible for the management of the scheme.

But I cannot help criticising most severely the optimism with which it was launched.

Some time ago a new concern called the Second United Women's Homes Association was formed with similar objects, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this concern will derive full benefit from the lessons learnt and experience bought by the directors of the original enterprise.

Beware this Buttered Egg!

WOULD you care to join the Masonic Farmers' Association? If you do so you will receive your weekly supplies of butter, eggs, meat and poultry at greatly reduced prices.

So, at least, many people all over Britain have been told, and, in consequence, they have willingly paid a membership subscription to this money-saving association.

Unfortunately, no such organisation exists either in Masonry or anywhere else, and those who have subscribed to it have been swindled.

A clever crook is responsible.

He uses a variety of names, but most often describes himself as a member of the Walker family of brewers in Liverpool or as Mr. Whitaker, of Messrs. R. Whitaker and Sons, Ltd., the Halifax brewers.

Both claims are false.

But he has some knowledge of the brewing industry, and his victims have been mostly found in business houses which supply brewers with goods.

He gives them substantial orders on behalf of whichever brewery he purports to be representing at the moment, and then proceeds to describe the activities of the Masonic Farmers' Association and to collect subscriptions.

Mr. "Whitaker" or "Walker" is a man of small stature, stoutly built, with greying hair and an unmistakable Lancashire accent.

If he calls upon you, detain him and send for the police.

A Fancy-Goods Tipster

THROUGH the medium of an advertisement, a person called Morgan Boyd, of 10, Montague Street, Kemp Town, Sussex, got into touch a little while back with a man in Dublin.

His business notepaper described him as a "wholesale fancy goods dealer," but Boyd's object in approaching the Dublin man was not in any way connected with fancy goods.

With the air of one imparting a great confidence, he professed to be in a position to supply special "inside" racing information, in return, of course, for a consideration.

The Dublin resident was sufficiently impressed to take the fancy-goods dealer at his word, but after he had parted with £8 to Boyd he came to the conclusion that the information was not as valuable as had been suggested.

* * *

Unfortunately, this conclusion has been reached too late, for now the Dublin client cannot get any reply to his letters.

All he has to console himself with is a batch of correspondence from Boyd extolling his "reliable information" and "certainties."

BARRY'S FAMOUS £5:5:0 SUIT for £2:2:0

Made to your special measurements

There are materials for every taste and every requirement in our wonderful new Spring ranges. Never before have such suitings been offered at such prices.
30 years' experience of tailoring by post is our reputation.

THE BARRY GUARANTEE

Wherever you live we guarantee you perfect fitting garments from our self-measurement chart. No expert tailor could measure you more accurately. In fact, our self-measure chart is so unfailing that we take all the risk. Cash refunded in full if you are not satisfied.

100% All Wool Indigo Dyed Genuine Botany Yarn, Guaranteed London Shrunk **BLUE SERGE SUIT** Made to your special measures **50/-**

000 Guaranteed London Shrunk, **ALL WOOL FLANNEL TROUSERS TO MEASURE 12/9** Why pay more for ready made?

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL SCOTCH SPORTS SUIT Made to your measures for **55/-** Genuine Scottish Woollen Association Cloths for which as much as 6 Guineas and 7 Guineas are asked elsewhere

WRITE OR CALL Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

MONEY SAVING OFFERS

Send for our NEW SPRING Patterns

Every inch of our materials are woven by British looms.

COUPON (J)

(Our only Address)
To S. A. Barry & Co., Ltd.
26, City Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send without any obligation your new Spring patterns, self-measure chart and fashion book of latest London styles.

Name _____

Address _____

Overseas Postage 3/6 Extra. Cash with order.

Or Send CASH ON DELIVERY anywhere in Great Britain. You pay the Postman.

The BARRY MILITAIRE

A £4:4:0 FLEECE LINED ALL-WEATHER COAT IN LATEST PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE for 21/- POST PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS

The "MILITAIRE" is made in fine, reliable, super-spun Cloth, with storm-defiant "PARABAR" interproofing and elegant camel shade lining throughout. Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier coat or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates. Must not be confused with the imitation leather coat. The Militaire is quite, quite different, and equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat. State whether Navy Blue or Putty Shade preferred.

Also for Ladies SAME PRICE

Lengths: (From top of Collar) 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 ins.

S. A. BARRY & Co. Ltd. (J.B. Dept) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES

COMPANY MEETING.

EDWARD LLOYD.

CONDITIONS IN NEWS-PRINT TRADE.

The forty-first ordinary general meeting of Edward Lloyd, Ltd., was held on Monday, March 30, at 4, Salisbury Court, E.C. Sir Gomer Berry, Bart. (deputy-chairman of the company), presided.

In referring to the accounts for the past year, the Chairman drew attention to the drop in profits, due to the general depression in trade. He pointed out that the result of the year's trading was not so satisfactory as would appear from the balance-sheet, inasmuch as new plant costing over £100,000 had come into operation in the early part of the year, and on which in normal times a satisfactory return would be shown.

The only other item in the balance-sheet which called for any comment was investments. During the past year the company's holding of British Government Bonds amounting to £227,066 had been realised, and this sum was used in paying the balance of their latest extensions. The bank overdraft in consequence now appeared as an unsecured liability. In this connection, it would perhaps be worth mentioning that during the past four years over £1,000,000 had been spent on new plant, which, with the exception of this overdraft, had been met entirely from their own resources.

"The newsprint trade," Sir Gomer said, "like most other industries, is going through a very difficult time. We are faced with competition from other countries in which they work much longer hours and for considerably lower wages. In some countries there are newsprint mills running continuously seven days a week. The net result of this is that owing to our restricted hours and higher wages these mills can quote prices in this country much lower than our actual cost of production.

"In addition to this, we have a very large tonnage being imported into England from Canada and Newfoundland. The wages in these Dominions are, of course, on the same high standard as our own, but here again we have to compete with mills which are running much longer hours than ourselves and which means a very considerable saving to them in their cost of production. The total tonnage of newsprint being imported into this country is, approximately, 400,000 tons per annum. If the bulk of this tonnage were made at English mills—and there is no reason at all why it should not be made here—it would mean not only that the whole of the present unemployment in our industry would be fully taken up, but it would also mean that we could instal new plant which would give permanent employment to a large number of additional men in our own and allied industries. This is a matter which may be well worth the consideration of the present Government."

The accounts being duly passed, a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

GASTRIC STOMACH

PROMPT RELIEF!

Mr. UTLEY, 15, Mill Dam, Pontefract, writes:—

"I have pleasure in recommending Vitadatio. I have been off work five months suffering with a Gastric Stomach. I have been to a Convalescent Home, but it did not help me. I was told to try Vitadatio and have had two or three bottles, and have only it to thank for getting me back to my work."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post, 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from—

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V.183

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£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

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The Graves 'SPEED KING' CYCLE, 1931 Model, is the greatest triumph of Quality and Value ever produced in the Cycle Industry.

It stands comparison with any Ten-Guinea Cycle ever offered, in fact, as a Quality Production, it cannot be bettered at any price. Every component is absolutely the very best of its class. All the practical and technical experience of 40 years high-class engineering is concentrated in this superb machine which now represents the greatest achievement in frictionless road-travel.

DUNLOP MAGNUM Roadster Tyres.
STURMEY-ARCHER Three-Speed Gear.
HANS RENOLD World Famous Chain.

GRAVES PATTERN Chromium Plated Chain Wheel.
DUNLOP MAGNUM Coiled Spring Waterproof Saddle
CHROMIUM PLATED Handlebars, Rims, Cranks, etc.

Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan, Brilliant Rear Light Reflector, Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black if desired). Lady's or Gent's same price. Carriage Paid. Price £5.16.3

7/6 NOW

TERMS: Send 7/6 with Order, and the balance in 10 monthly payments of 7/6 if entirely satisfied. Fullest Approval in your own home.

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Complete range of Single Speed Models, Light Roadsters, Road Racers, Three Speeds, etc. Keenest Prices, Easy Terms

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Dunlop Magnum Saddle showing coiled Springs.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull"

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2, 3 & 12.

A Feather to Tickle a Shark

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"The food ramp goes merrily on, "while the housewife puzzles over her weekly budget

THE most plentiful thing in the world is food; and I think it is nothing to be proud of that, after centuries of civilisation, we still have not managed to evolve a system that will ensure everyone having enough to eat.

The world's warehouses are bursting with food—but profiteers and parasites are allowed to monkey with the lavishness of Nature to such an extent that plentiful years are almost more to be dreaded than lean years.

The world is a positive Aladdin's Cave of riches; but we have not yet had the wit to prevent gamblers and speculators keeping the key in their own possession.

It was on February 1, 1930, that the following words appeared in these pages:

"It is cheerful news that during the present session of Parliament a Consumers' Council is to be set up with powers to deal with profiteering.

"Every citizen whose hands are not soiled with profiteering, that most gross form of common robbery, will wish the council God-speed and courage."

That was more than a year ago—and we are still waiting for that Consumers' Council to be set up.

The Bill was introduced into Parliament on November 13, 1930, and it has only just now received its second reading in the House of Commons.

Golden grain

Meanwhile the food ramp goes merrily on, and the housewife is robbed every time she opens her scanty purse to buy the household necessities.

I don't think anyone has any doubt to-day that prices in the shops are being maintained at an unfair level.

"If you go down to Yarmouth," said a friend of mine the other day, "you will see hundreds upon hundreds of barrels of herring lying on the quay. The fishermen can't sell them. They can't give them away.

"There are too many herrings: but buy a herring in the shops and see what you have to pay for it!"

Bread is dear. Why? The world has not yet sold all its 1928 wheat crop. It has all the 1929 crop stored up. It has added to this store the whole of the 1930 crop. And bread is dear!

At this moment there are something like 5,000,000 tons of sugar unsold in the world; and every year the world produces a million more tons of sugar than it can sell. Why isn't sugar dirt cheap?

Cabbages are 4d. each—I was recently asked 7d. for a very mediocre-looking savoy—and fruit is still largely a delicacy for the well-to-do.

Meat and fish are positive luxuries instead of everyday necessities.

Whatever that extraordinary fiction the "index figure" may say, the cost of living is still mysteriously high.

Retailers ceased long ago to regard a reasonable profit as legitimate business. They charge what they like and get what they can. It is the modern version of the highwayman.

I imagine that the Consumers' Council may very well come into being before the end of this Parliament, but even if it does, I am, I fear, sceptical of its success.

If I were a profiteer I should not be unduly alarmed at a penalty of £5.

The fact is that the penal clauses of this Bill are ridiculously inadequate for the offences they seek to end.

The real remedy is to do what the Ministry of Munitions found it necessary to do during the war—to take powers to send qualified accountants to examine the books of anyone suspected of robbing the public.

Mr. Lloyd George once told the House of Commons how the mere threat of such action forced one contracting firm to reduce its prices by 33⅓ per cent.

And the penalty must not be a paltry fine—it must be a stiff fine plus imprisonment. Profiteers will never be scotched till they are branded to all the world as jailbirds.

I do not find anything in the Consumers' Council Bill aimed against one of the greatest evils in this unholy game—the deliberate gambling in food that goes on, gambling as flagrant as any that takes place on a racecourse.

As long as we allow that, the retailer is but small fry, after all.

In Mincing Lane, in London, men gamble in tea and sugar. They never see it; they never handle it; but because of their gambling, prices are maintained and prices rise—and the consumer pays.

Then, on what is known as the Baltic Exchange, other men gamble in grain. They, too, have no interest in it; they never see it; they do not want it; they would have a fit if they suddenly found themselves compelled to take delivery of it.

But deliveries of grain thousands of miles away from the Baltic Exchange change hands again and again on an ever-rising price, and the result is seen in dear flour and dearer bread.

Batter the "rings"!

I find no mention of "rings" in the Bill—yet everyone knows they exist and are a great part of the trouble.

They are formed and they exist deliberately to keep up prices, and any honest dealer who refuses to enter one of these associations and tries to sell his goods at what he considers a fair price is promptly put out of business.

More than one baker has found to his cost that he cannot sell bread at less than the price fixed by the "ring"—because if he does his supplies of flour mysteriously cease.

More than one farmer has found that if he does not sell to the "ring" he cannot sell at all.

The Consumers' Council, if and when it is ever set up, has apparently to have no interest in parasitical middlemen.

Why not? One of the reasons for the price of tea is that no fewer than eight people get a "picking" before ever the consumer puts a spoonful of tea into his teapot.

Take fruit and vegetables, and you find the commission buyer—who again and again has assured Royal Commissions that he is a pure philanthropist and sustains very heavy losses in his dealings with the public—the distant wholesaler, who acts on behalf of other wholesalers, who in turn supply the retailers

What possible chance has the consumer against such a ring?

Every bit of produce he buys has been handled again and again, and every time it is handled a fresh profit is made and a bit more is added to the final price.

Some years ago I wrote an article in these pages in which I accused the fruit trade of profiteering in no uncertain terms. A very pained and indignant gentleman came to see me.

Invitation off

"You are all wrong," he said, "and I shall be delighted to prove it to you. Come with me to Liverpool—at our expense, of course—and see the fruit sold for yourself as it comes from the ships."

"I will come," I said, "on one condition, and that is that I shall mark a case of fruit with a private mark, follow it through all its stages into the shops, and see at what price it actually goes to the consumer; and I shall, of course, want to see the exact figures for every stage of its journey."

I didn't go. I don't suppose I shall ever be asked to go—on those terms.

Yet that is what the Consumers' Council will have to do with article after article of food if it is to arrive at the truth.

Coal must be traced from the pithead to the consumer's cellar: wheat must be tracked from the grainfield to the baker's counter; fish must be followed from the fishermen's nets to the fishmonger's slabs.

Anything less will only repeat in the Consumers' Council the farce of the Food Council, which has been laughed at and defied again and again by the profiteers.

The Government should drastically revise the Consumers' Council Bill to make it a real weapon of offence against the conscienceless people who have been allowed for too long to prey on their helpless fellows.

Why should any mercy be shown to those who wantonly traffic in the fruits of others' labour?

Listen | The Human Machine | and Learn

IF you look at the men and women who have risen to success and who are now controlling big businesses and guiding the destinies of others, you will find one thing common to them all—they all have the power of sound judgment.

It is a rare quality, and it is rare because so few cultivate it. Its basis is the faculty of keeping an open mind, of listening to criticism and being willing to profit by the ideas and experience of others.

Those in whose judgment we have confidence have trained themselves to do this—not an easy task.

It is never the small and petty mind that is approachable. The most approachable man is always the man with the big mind, who realises that it is always possible to learn something from others.

We should most of us get on better if we listened more and talked less, for the essence of sound judgment is a sufficiency of facts on which to base it. And only by making sure that we have seen all round a problem can we be sure that we have put ourselves into a position to make a judgment at all.

When we are faced by a problem it is always better to seek quite deliberately for objections and difficulties than to try and dodge them. To see first all the ways in which a thing cannot be done is really the quickest way of determining just how it can be done.

It is a great mistake to resent criticism, for what other test of our views and opinions have we? Criticism is a short cut to truth and deserves a patient hearing.

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WITHOUT *Fear or Favour*

MAIMED WORKERS' *Ghastly Plight*

FAINTLY it comes through the mound of fallen coal—tap, tap . . . tap, tap . . . tap, tap. The rescuers, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, hack with renewed fury at the wall of blackness.

Again it comes, fainter still. Tap, tap . . . tap, tap . . . tap. It is almost a commonplace of the coal-mining industry.

Of what did these men think, as they lay tapping at the walls of what might be their tomb? Of rescue, freedom, of fresh air that did not tear the throat, of sunlight! Of home, wife, kiddies—and of provision for these if the wall remained unbroken.

In 1929 there were 1,165 men killed, and more than 200,000 maimed in accidents in the coal mines of Britain.

Yet last year 20 per cent. of the coal-owners, employing 23 per cent. of the miners of this country, failed to insure against accident risks!

AND this scandalous state of affairs has deprived hundreds of maimed miners of compensation, and has condemned thousands of women and children to stark poverty.

Insurance against the liability of workers' compensation is voluntary. An industrial company can, if it chooses, meet the claims out of its business.

In coal-mining the decision of companies to follow this course has, within recent years, led to disaster for the workers.

Last year some five hundred collieries went into liquidation. The miners maimed in the service of such of these companies as were not insured had to rank for compensation with the preference creditors.

IN most cases this meant that they were forced to seek Poor Law relief.

Twenty per cent. of the coal-owners did not insure at all. The majority of the remainder limited their insurances to fatal accidents involving three or more persons, and to non-fatal cases where disability lasted over six months.

Most mine accidents, unless in the case of major disaster, rarely kill more than three or four miners at a time, and only a fraction of the men disabled are put out of action for over six months. For this reason the vast majority of mine accidents are uninsured.

If the company fails, the miners and their dependants, supposedly protected by the Workmen's Compensation Act, are, in reality, without any protection at all.

A year ago JOHN BULL drew attention to the plight of 900 maimed and broken miners who were starving in the Rhondda Valley owing to the fact that their right to workers' compensation had not been protected.

Subsequently, it is only fair to say, they were finally paid in full.

THE law of the land says that these crippled men, and the widows and orphans of those who lost their lives at the coal-face, were entitled to compensation.

They received it, but only after months of privation and a load of accumulated debt had almost robbed it of its value.

Last September, the Albion Coal Company at Cilfynydd, Glamorgan, whose steam-coal was world-famous, closed down.

These pits had taken a terrible toll in the lives and bodies of miners, and, with liquidation, 277 of the victims were thrown on the

The mine has crushed them—they must stumble on in the dark, until——

industrial scrapheap to starve in their maimed misery.

The oldest of them, a survivor of two terrible disasters, injured in the leg in 1911, is David Peters, aged eighty-four. The youngest, William Isaac, nineteen years old, is disabled for life with an injured pelvis.

Peters, whose health and strength fought the earth for its black wealth, is left to starve in crippled old age; Isaac, whose manhood has been stolen from him before it fully flowered, is thrown aside to eke out his miserable existence as best he may.

Workmen's compensation evokes a bitter laugh in the coalfields.

Another victim, a young man who was the sole support of his aged parents, gave the light within his brain that Albion coal might drive the navies of the world. An accident robbed him of his reason, and now, mentally defective, he may starve to death and the old folk with him.

WHEN, in 1905, Albion coal avalanched down on the men in the pit, it snatched six lives and broke many more. One survivor still lies bedridden. He also is abandoned.

And so the tale goes on.

Two hundred and seventy-seven broken men in this little village of Cilfynydd, where another 1,500, whom the coal has spared, wait hopelessly for the pits to reopen that they, too may take their chance of death and disaster that their women and children may live.

If, and when, the pits do resume, these men will work with the fate of their 277 mates ever before them.

Every working day the miner feels that he may be the next victim; that an accident may rob him of his life or the power to provide for his family. He knows, by the experience of his fellows that he has little protection from this so-called compensation.

When the Compensation Act was framed it was unthinkable that the pits of Britain would go smash, one after the other; that the story of the coalfields would be a tale of bankruptcies and liquidations.

That dismal tale, however, has been told; and in the face of present knowledge the insurance of coal companies against the liability of workmen's compensation is imperative.

In 1929 this liability for the industry amounted to £3,049,826.

SUCH a huge sum illustrates the danger with which this industry is fraught for the workers. It is not enough for the companies to undertake this risk themselves, when their failures leave their workers unprotected.

The recent Roads Act makes insurance against third-party risks compulsory on all motorists.

The voluntary system under which the Workmen's Compensation Act is operated has broken down.

What is true of mining is true also on a smaller scale of industry generally.

In 1929 there were 2,819 fatal and 478,602 non-fatal cases for which workmen's compensation was paid, involving a total sum of £6,569,918 in the seven basic industries of the country.

A matter of such magnitude must no longer be left to chance, for the voluntary system has proved itself a tragic farce. Compulsory insurance must be introduced, and introduced at once.

IF one of our other great industries were to suffer the collapse experienced in coal, and the companies involved were not covered against compensation liability, thousands more of industry's wounded would be left totally unprotected.

Workmen's compensation must be placed on a basis of reality, and the tragedy of the coalfields leaves no shadow of doubt that this can only be done through compulsory insurance.

Britain takes a pride in her system of social services; this blot on that system must be eradicated.

The Labour movement has had this matter under consideration and has framed a Bill on the lines of the Act operating in Ontario, Canada, and which, it is claimed, would place the whole matter on a proper footing.

He is an ordinary "man in the street." If you saw him in his garden or in his car you would think him a successful, middle-class man with an interesting life behind him. And so he considered himself until he came to add up his record. Here is the record, with his mockery of a life of apparent failure, told in an interview to

Will Scott

I SHALL be sixty years old to-morrow. It has been a long life. And a life almost completely blank. I have lived for 21,900 days. And I have scarcely anything at all to show for even one of them.

It has only just dawned on me.

Often I have thought I had reason to be proud of myself. For one thing, I have never been out of work. And for another, I have never been in debt. I have been hard up once or twice, but I have never been "broke."

My fellow-men respect me. They look on me as a successful, middle-class business man, spending the latter days of a successful career at ease in my garden.

They don't know!

Whatever for?

All my life I have lived in "respectable" houses or flats in "respectable" suburbs. I have dressed quite well and kept up appearances, conducted myself with decorum and tried to be a credit to my firm and myself.

And now I'm wondering—to what purpose?

To-day, five years retired, I live in my own little bungalow beside the sea, about seventy miles from London. I have a balance in the bank and I own my own car.

Yes, I have been proud of myself. But now, on the threshold of sixty, I am proud of myself no longer. I am very much ashamed.

For although I am sixty years old I haven't lived sixty years. I doubt if I've lived ten.

What is my record? In sixty years what have I done?

In the first place, I have spent nearly twenty years in bed! Asleep!

Most of us do that, but it comes as a bit of a shock when you put it down on paper.

In my sixty years on earth I find I have dressed and undressed, gone to bed and got up, approximately 43,290 times.

"Just a tragic farce"

And if that process takes only five minutes each time, there are five months, one week, five days and twelve hours of my life accounted for.

I have discovered that I have put on my collar and taken it off at least eight hundred times a year—50,000 times in all. I have tied my tie at least 25,000 times. And I'm still doing it. At last I'm beginning to wonder why.

True, it only takes half a minute to tie a tie. But even that speck of time adds up in sixty years to nine days out of a man's life.

Just nothing else but tying a necktie! Sometimes I think dogs must laugh at us when we're not looking.

Years of eating

I have made another alarming discovery. The truth about food.

I find I have devoted roughly sixty minutes of each day of my life to my breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner or supper—in all, two years, eight months, three weeks and three days.

How much I ate in the time I cannot say with any degree of accuracy.

One thing I can gauge pretty closely. I have drunk about six thousand gallons of tea in my sixty years.

That is one of my greatest achievements. I have composed no symphonies, written no best sellers, discovered no new islands, painted no masterpieces, invented no new machines.

But I have drunk six thousand gallons of tea. Goodness knows what length of time that represents in the total.

I did not start "drinking," as they call it, or smoking till I reached the ripe age of twenty.

Since then, on the average, I suppose I have had a modest two pints a day (wines and spirits I do not care for) and a daily packet of twenty. Not excessive, surely?

"Fag" Marathon

But I find that up to now I have consumed over four thousand gallons of beer!

Until last night I had never troubled to find out the actual length of a cigarette. Now I have measured one. It was 2¼ in. long.

This means that during my modest and completely useless career I have smoked a matter of thirteen miles of cigarettes. And I'm not a heavy smoker, like some. Two miles of these I threw away.

How long did it take me to smoke them? Five minutes per cigarette is a very moderate estimate. But this gives me about seven hundred and fifty days of twenty-four full hours each devoted to nothing but smoke. More than two years!

I must have got on and off over 20,000 'buses in my time. Only an average of, say, ten seconds a time, even allowing for the delays at rush hours. Still, there's a whole week out of a man's life just getting on and off 'buses.

Actually in 'buses and trams and trains I must have spent years.

A thousand things we must do in order to be able to work a few hours of each day of a few years of each life.

And as most people only work at all in order to keep on doing the thousand things, a white mouse on its little wheel, going round for hours and getting nowhere, seems to me just as sensible as an ordinary man pursuing his ordinary career.

Every day since the age of seventeen I have devoted five minutes to shaving. Fifty-four days in all. Not in thinking, not in getting on in the world, but simply in moving whiskers off my face.

In lacing, unlacing, putting on, taking off and treeing my shoes I have spent over three weeks of my life. So do you.

As nearly as I can calculate, and including the times I have had to raise my hat to my betters, I have put on my hat and taken it off 501,875 times. Over half a million!

Only a second each movement.

But it works out at six days of twenty-four hours each.

Simply moving my hat!

Mornings, evenings and Sundays I have been buying newspapers for forty-five years. Nine hundred a year—roughly 40,500 in all.

How much of a day does one spend reading newspapers? Counting in Sundays, shall we say half an hour to be on the safe side?

The great foot-slog

Well, what does 40,500 mean at half an hour a day? It means one year, three months, one week and two days. And that's how much of my life I've spent reading newspapers!

And they cost me nearly £170.

Put it this way: five whole working months out of my lifetime did I put in in order to raise the funds to provide myself with newspapers.

Between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one I lived only a mile from the office. It wasn't on a 'bus route, so I walked, rain or shine. For thirteen years.

Leaving out Sundays and holidays, it was about 296 days a year—3,748 days in all. Think of it! 7,496 miles! And all within the limits of one mile.

The white mouse in its cage again. That figure represents the distance between London and California. And as far as it took me was the office.

I must have travelled hundreds of thousands of miles in my time. I must have beaten Christopher Columbus to a frazzle.

Pottering around

But he discovered America, whereas I never got farther than Paris. Once, for a week. In the days when I had the inclination I never had the time or the money.

Now, when I have the time, and enough money, I suppose, I prefer to potter about in my garden or drive my car.

I know of people who envy me. Well, I always wanted to see the Shwe Dagon pagoda, the Zambesi River, the Taj Mahal, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the bay at Rio. I never saw them.

I meant to, later on. But when "later on" came in my life it was too late.

I had wasted the best years of my life putting my shoes on and off, getting into and out of bed, drinking tea, buttoning my coat, and what not. Like other people.

I have seen pictures of these

"Dogs must laugh at us when we're not looking"

Father Time's PRODIGAL SON

"Hours spent glaring at people I didn't know in doctors' waiting-rooms

places. That is all. I could have done as much on £50 a year.

The white mouse in his cage asks for a little food and is satisfied. Perhaps he'd like to get out and have a peep at his own particular Grand Canyon. He doesn't.

Nor did I. But I never thought I'd been in a cage all my life, till I came to look back.

Ten minutes a day in my bath. Six months of my life.

Heaven knows how much water that represents. But in the washbowl, merely for washing my hands and face a few times a day, I have used over 100,000 gallons of water.

Four days out of my six years I have spent choosing cloth and being fitted for clothes.

Do you wonder I am no longer very proud of my career; that I look back on my life as a desert of futility?

I happen to remember the number of stairs in all the houses I have lived in and all the offices I have worked in. I think I underestimate when I say I must have climbed each staircase, up and down, ten times a day for nearly sixty years.

But even at that reckoning, and not counting steps at Tubes and stations, it works out at 18,555,000 steps per lifetime.

Not a record, either. Only a fair average for any man of sixty.

Eight inches is the average height of a step, which makes my share for the sixty years about 2,640 miles. More than four hundred times the height of Mount Everest. But the highest it ever took me was the second floor!

And I used up three weeks of my life doing it. Going up and down stairs.

I find that thirty-six hours, or one day and a half of my life, have been devoted entirely to winding up clocks.

Of course, it is impossible to recall all the humdrum little tasks and duties I have had to carry out merely to keep myself respectable upon the face of the earth.

But by adding up only the figures I have already given you I come upon the startling fact that all these things I mention account for thirty-three years and five months out of my sixty years!

More than half!

Bear in mind, too, that for the first five years of my life I was too young to do anything of the slightest importance, and for the last five years I have been too old.

Just 'phoning

Another ten years. Giving a total now of nearly forty-six.

Then perhaps the remaining fifteen years of my life have been filled with worth-while endeavour? Perhaps!

I have wasted 170 hours on trivial law cases, most of which I have lost. And so far as I can tell I have spent over three months telephoning to people.

Roughly, two hundred hours, or about ten days of my life, have been spent in glaring at people I didn't know and didn't want to know in doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms.

Theatre-queue

I must have wasted weeks sheltering from the rain in various corners of the country.

I know that another ten days have been wiped out of my life through waiting in theatre-queues.

Nearly a month of my existence has been frittered away reading out-of-date picture-papers while waiting to get my hair cut. And another month has been used up in getting my hair cut.

And note this cheerful little surprise.

Over eighty-five full days of twenty-four hours each, or nine months of my life, counting working days of eight hours each, have been simply thrown away *waiting on station platforms*.

This is much worse than I thought before going into the figures.

I doubt if five years of my life have been occupied in doing anything of the slightest importance to myself or the world.

And even then there was never an adventure in the lot, nor a single act that could cause my name to live for a week after I've gone. I have never had my picture in the papers. I have never seen my name in print.

It is my sincere conviction, arrived at after sixty years of ordinary experience, that human existence is just a tragic farce.

I say ordinary experience, for the way I have frittered away my life is just the way in which you and the next man are frittering away your lives.

In getting up and going to bed and walking up and down stairs and sheltering from the rain and waiting on platforms!

The cheapest of lives in one way. But not in another.

And you, too—

Counting the money I have earned and had to spend in order to keep going, and the money my parents spent upon me and my education (but not the money I have been able to put by), it has cost about £20,000 to keep me on this earth for sixty years.

When I'm gone I shall leave behind possibly £3,000 and a bungalow.

If you could see me trimming my lawn or driving my car you would say: "There is a successful man, an example for small boys to copy!"

And so I thought of myself till yesterday.

Now I know the truth. I have lived 21,900 days. And have frittered away the lot.

But what else could I have done? What else are you doing?

By to-morrow I shall have been on this earth for sixty years. I can only apologise!

After lunch and dinner I think I deserve a more satisfying smoke, so I take a Manikin from my case and light up.

Care vanishes with the fragrant smoke—nerves are soothed by their delightful flavour—in fact Manikins are just right for that quiet half hour we all deserve after the morning rush and as a reward at the end of a tiring day.

Manikins are quite inexpensive and well worth their modest cost—10d. buys 5. Any tobacconist will be happy to supply you.

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The Guiding HAND

"VIVID! But I cannot attempt to offer an explanation. Can you?" asks the Author. Can you?

A REAL LIFE STORY

THIS story is now written for the first time since the strange experience it chronicles happened. The man who told it to me is dead—he passed out with thousands of other brave souls in the black year of 1917.

But because he was one of the best men God ever made, and incapable of deviating from the strict truth by so much as a hair's-breadth, I have no hesitation in recording a stranger and more inexplicable happening than any the brain of the most imaginative writer of fiction ever conceived.

I have substituted fictitious names and places, but in all other respects everything is recorded as it happened.

* * *

Had Gordon Ferguson lived, he would undoubtedly have risen to be the first surgeon of the day.

His student days were brilliant; he took full degrees just after he was twenty-one, and was a Master of Surgery and the Franklin Gold Medallist at twenty-five.

After some hospital work, Ferguson took a six months' *locum tenency* at a pretty place in the country I will call Market Drysdale.

IT was when he had returned to London that he told me this story as we sat talking in his room after spending the evening together.

I forget exactly what led up to it, but we had been discussing some thought-reading people who were giving performances in London and causing unusual interest and controversy.

I maintained that it was clever trickery. Ferguson said he wasn't quite sure—there might be something in it—and suddenly turned to me with a curious expression in his eyes.

"I wonder what you'd say if I told you of an extraordinary experience I had while I was in temporary charge at Market Drysdale," he said.

"Talk about thought-reading and mind-transference! . . . Perhaps you won't believe what I'll tell you; but if you care to hear it I can give you my word that it is absolutely true."

Here is the story of Gordon Ferguson's strange experience, which I give in his own words as near as I can remember them after a lapse of years.

* * *

The principal reason that made me take over a practice for six months at Market Drysdale was the need I felt for a change and rest.

I had put in some gruelling work to get what I wanted, and before deciding definitely on the future, I thought a few months of country life wouldn't do any harm.

I was welcomed very warmly by everybody. I was not overworked—half a dozen visits a day usually saw me through—I had ample leisure for the social side of the place, and I was able to indulge in my favourite pastime, photography, to the full.

ONE morning, just after breakfast, I had an almost frantic call on the telephone. Would I come at once—without a second's delay—to the Manor House? It was most urgent.

Grabbing my emergency bag, which I always had ready, I set off for the Manor House—a beautiful old Georgian place, set in the loveliest grounds imaginable.

A man was standing at the open door—a young man, about thirty, his good-looking, aristocratic face wearing a very worried expression.

"By Jove, doctor, this is good of you to come so soon!" he cried, grasping my hand in the heartiest manner. "I'm Victor Arlington. It's the little chap—cut himself—and the wife is dreading lockjaw and blood-poisoning and all the rest of it. Will you come up?"

He took me upstairs and into a nursery, where a radiantly lovely woman, not much more than a girl in years, was leaning over a cot.

"Here's the doctor, Vi," said Arlington, patting her shoulder reassuringly. "Now do, please, calm yourself."

I went up to the cot, and saw lying in it a little boy about four years old—a lovely, cherubic child, with, I think, the most wonderful head of golden curls I have ever seen.

A blood-stained rag was round his chubby wrist, and, despite her husband's protests, the anxious mother insisted upon taking off this herself.

A small cut—not much more than a scratch—met my eyes. I suppose I ought to have been angry or highly amused, but I was neither. Both the mother and father were too charming and too genuinely concerned for that.

I dressed the scratch with as much care as I should have bestowed on a bad gash, and put the mother's mind fully at ease by assuring her that there was not the remotest danger of lockjaw or blood-poisoning supervening.

I did not leave the house at once. I had no urgent visits, and I spent a most pleasant hour with Victor Arlington and his beautiful wife.

They had only recently inherited the Manor House with an ample fortune, and the boy, of course, was worth more to them than anything on earth.

Well, that visit commenced a friendship that strengthened every day. Before many weeks I was spending all my spare time at the Manor House, and happy memories they are.

As for the boy, he seemed to take an extraordinary fancy to me, as children sometimes will do to a stranger, and I loved the little fellow as dearly as though he belonged to me.

WELL, my time at Market Drysdale was drawing to a close when the incident I wish to tell you about happened. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The month was September—the weather perfect.

I had a batch of photos I was particularly anxious to develop, and, not anticipating any urgent calls, shut myself up in my dark-room immediately after lunch.

I had given the servant the afternoon off, so I was quite alone in the house.

I had got through half the batch of plates, when I thought I heard the telephone-bell ringing. I listened, but could hear nothing, and believed I was mistaken.

A few minutes after, however, I heard something that there was no possible mistake about. The door-bell was being rung as though by a madman, and the door hammered at the same time, so that the din must have been heard in the village.

Risking the spoiling of the half-developed negatives with dirt, I ran downstairs and opened the door.

A man almost fell into my arms—a man so wild-looking and frantic with fear and excitement that I hardly recognised him as my friend Victor Arlington.

"The boy—Ferguson—the boy!" he gasped, and tore at his collar. "Fallen downstairs—we can't make him hear or open his eyes. For God's sake, come at once!"

I jumped into the dog-cart in which Arlington had come. He clambered up, and away we went like a fire-engine.

I WAS as anxious as the distracted parents; but I saw at this juncture they needed a firm hand. I positively refused even to look at the boy until they left him alone with me and his nurse—a sensible, calm, middle-aged woman.

There was no outward bodily injury; but when I got to the head—well, I never felt nearer to weeping in my life.

The injury was there—inside, and I knew that the boy, though he still breathed, was as good as dead.

Only an operation—performed without a moment's more delay than necessary—could save his life.

It was an operation few surgeons ever have the opportunity to perform, and only one man would dare to risk it on a child. That man was Stanley Graveling, whose favourite pupil I had been.

He taught me all I know. I saw him perform all his big operations, and a priceless lesson it was to see him at work.

And I had seen him, by the rarest stroke of good fortune, perform this particular operation. My mind was made up instantly.

I told the nurse to watch, and call me if she wanted me.

Then I hurried to the room below, where the father and mother, in an

"SNAKE-BITE"

A tense narrative of a gruesome adventure in the Australian bush. Read next week's True Story

by Boyd Cable

"I half turned my head . . . somebody had entered the room"

by

CLIVE PEMBERTON

Illustrated by Hinchcliffe

agony of grief and terror that was pitiful to see, waited for me.

"My friends, you must be brave," I said. "A serious operation is necessary, and only one man can do it. If he can be got here in time, Stanley Graveling can save your boy's life!"

"For God's sake, get him!" cried Arlington. "I'll pay him any fee he asks. Telegraph him, Ferguson. Where does he live?"

"Brighton—if he's at home," I answered. "Get the Post Office on the telephone, and hold the line."

I dictated a long, careful telegram to the telegraph-clerk, who promised to send it without an instant's delay. Then I went up to look at the boy. He lay like a marble figure, but the pulse was satisfactory.

Then we got busy in preparation for Graveling. The billiard-room, under my directions, was soon transformed into an operating theatre.

I got on to the cottage hospital and secured their two best surgical nurses and two dressers and the hospital anæsthetist. And then, when all was ready, the long waiting began.

I won't try to describe those hours of suspense while we waited for the telegram to say Graveling was on his way.

Hour after hour passed, but it did not come. And every moment was more precious than gold! At nine o'clock the symptom I was watching for and dreading came. Delay now was more than dangerous.

If the boy was not operated on within an hour, I knew with deadly certainty that no human skill could save him.

THE distracted parents saw my new anxiety, and Mrs. Arlington suddenly threw herself on her knees before me and begged me to operate myself.

The thought must have been at the back of my mind, I think, from the very first. Yet think of it!

Dare I attempt one of the most difficult operations known to surgery—an operation grey-haired surgeons with a life-time of experience would not attempt?

I had seen Graveling do it—that was the thought that kept humming on my brain—and it might be . . .

"For God's sake, Ferguson, don't wait!" implored Arlington. "We have the utmost confidence in you—our boy's life is in your hands!"

It was—and I knew it. I decided to take the risk—give the boy the remote chance of his life.

Under my directions, the death-like body of the boy was very carefully carried down to the improvised operating-table.

The nurses made lightning preparations—the anæsthetist was already at work, and I prepared myself for the ordeal of my life.

AT the door of the room Arlington and his wife were waiting. I can see him now, splendid fellow that he was, with the tears rolling unashamedly down his face.

"You look cool and calm as ice, Ferguson!" he said, his voice low and tense. "God bless you, old fellow, for what you are doing."

At last I was ready, and I was amazed how perfectly cool and self-confident I felt, and no two hands were rock steadier than mine as I commenced the operation.

It was necessarily a long operation—I expected it to take at least an hour—and I was about half-way through when the unforeseen complication arose.

I won't go into technicalities, but it was a question of quick decision. There were only two things to do—and the delicate point was, which was the right one?

If I made a mistake and did the wrong thing, that little form I bent over would never come back to life again.

Afterwards, the anæsthetist told me, I stood perfectly rigid for half a minute, but I don't think it could have been as long as that.

I half turned my head, for though I had heard no sound, something told me somebody had entered the room.

Somebody had—Graveling! In a moment he was beside me, and then I felt his hand on mine, guiding me to the right thing to do.

I knew he was standing behind me, and it sent a new flood of perfect confidence through me.

In just over the hour the operation was over.

With a thrill of exultation no words can describe, I knew it was successful.

I hurried to the anxious parents, and they hardly dared to ask the question, but they saw the answer in my face.

"The boy will live!" I said. "The operation has been perfectly successful, thanks to ——"

"You—and God," they said together.

I left them in the joy of this relief, and then went up to the nursery. The boy was in safe hands, but I was taking no risks.

Not until he was well out of the anæsthetic, and I had given the nurses minute instructions, did I leave the bedside, and as I went downstairs I was amazed to see it was early morning—one o'clock.

I knew Graveling had arrived, of course, and I found him in the drawing-room with the Arlingtons.

"Mr. Graveling arrived a few minutes ago," said Arlington, holding my arm in his tight, friendly grip. "He's amazed—and delighted—and wants you to take him up at once to see the boy!"

I MUST have stood aghast, for my brain simply rocked with bewilderment. Graveling had only arrived a few minutes ago!

But he had stood behind me when the success of the operation hung in the balance! . . .

The dear old fellow looked queerly at me as he took my arm and we went upstairs.

Everything was perfectly satisfactory, he quickly assured me, and said many things I've never forgotten, but won't repeat.

And then he told me something that sent me into a deeper abyss of bewilderment than before.

"I fell asleep in the train and had the most remarkable dream," he said. "I suppose my thoughts were full of you, but this is what I dreamed.

"I saw you performing the operation, and you were faced with the difficulty of knowing the right thing to do. I guided your hand, and everything went off right. But it was oddly vivid—almost real!"

Vivid! Some time after I told him, and he marvelled, but offered no explanation. And I cannot attempt to offer one. Can you?

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Get a flying start on the day's work

with a plateful of Post Toasties. Crisp, golden flakes of Indian Corn brimful of quick new energy to send you striding off to work. Wake-up energy—Post Toasties energy. Buy the big red and yellow packet today

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The Wake-up Food

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"The Cheap Tobacco, with the Expensive Flavour + Aroma"

writes H.G.M. of Plaistow; this extract from his letter is typical of numerous spontaneous tributes to the economy and goodness of Rubicon.

"Might I congratulate you on the Quality and Freshness of Rubicon Mixture? It is certainly the cheap Tobacco with the Expensive Flavour and Aroma."

(Original may be seen on request.)

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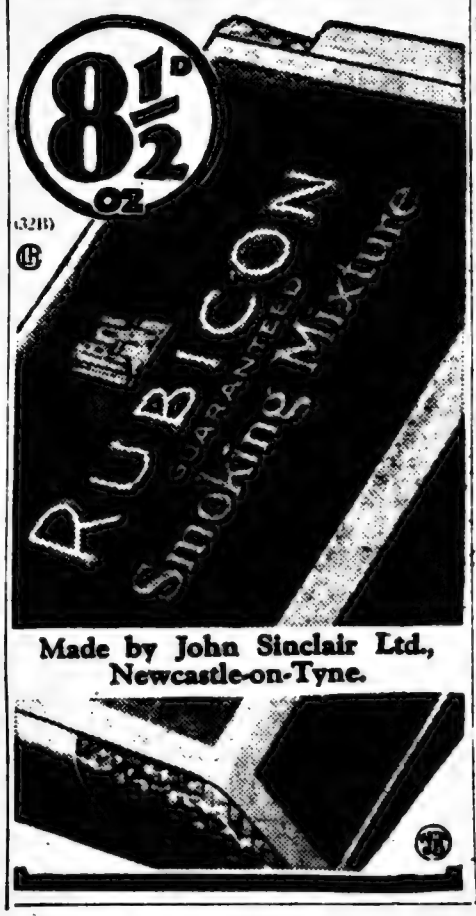

(32B)

Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

STARS who —STARVE

"Sir John Martin Harvey tells us . . . that an English company cannot tour Canada"

STARS of the legitimate stage, once the darlings of the public, are on the starvation-line to-day. At a conservative estimate there are some four hundred living actors and actresses who have achieved "stardom" through having played leading parts in legitimate West End stage successes.

To-day there is only a living for 20 per cent. of them. The remainder, unless they have private means, starve.

Cheap entertainment, in the form of "talkies," has closed in an ever-tightening ring about the English stage. Theatre after theatre in the provinces has capitulated.

In the past two years over 60 per cent. have gone "talkie," and stars who formerly filled in time between London engagements touring "No. 1" provincial towns, now spend months in idleness. Canned speech has all but silenced the spoken word.

Famous—and hungry

London alone keeps the flag of professional dramatic art flying; and London, despite her forty theatres, cannot absorb her stars.

Plays fail, managements and public are fickle, and there is an ever-growing throng of new aspirants knocking at the doors of theatrical fame.

It is strange that stage success should spell starvation. Yet it often does so, for the star can only accept star parts.

The "successful" actor or actress dare not accept, except in some special "All-Star" production, the small part that would spell the difference between hunger and comparative plenty. It would be an acknowledgment of failure and a breach of professional etiquette.

Acting, the most unconventional of all the professions, is hidebound by conventions more rigid than those of Harley Street or the Temple.

The stars dare make no complaint. Being absolutely dependent on publicity, they dare not, like musicians, painters or writers, publicly proclaim their distress. They must be well-dressed, cheerful, and exude apparent prosperity all the time.

They must frequent exclusive clubs, lunch when they can at expensive grills, give their services gratis in the cause of charity, and be deaf to no appeal that their less fortunate fellows may make.

Stars, like planets, are supposed to remain unaffected by all mundane considerations.

Costly twinkling

Even when in work the wolf is never very far from the door. The star must rehearse a month, without salary, before production, and the play may only run a few days.

If the play should have a successful run, a rare event in these times, the star will draw perhaps £40 a week.

This is a high figure, and must not be taken as usual; indeed, one of the biggest draws in the West End to-day has been glad to sign a three-year contract at half the figure.

But even with £40 a week there are the accumulations of old debts to be paid, club subscriptions renewed, wardrobe refurnished, a high standard of living maintained, and generous help given to needy colleagues.

The money does not go far; there is little left to make provision against the future, and artists are notoriously improvident.

The run finishes. The star must still keep up appearances, maintain a bold front before managements and public, and strive desperately to appear prosperous and confident. Funds run low.

Then follow, in inevitable succession, cheap lodgings, the pawnshop, and, last of all, the charity of friends.

There is a freemasonry and good comradeship among actors, and help is given with such generous tact that even the most sensitive of artists need feel no humiliation.

Curtain fall

But even the strong charity of the stage is not inexhaustible, and if no luck comes his way the star flickers awhile, and then fades out. The curtain falls.

The production of British films is as yet on too diminutive a scale to absorb this surplus of talent and energy, and although several notable actors have announced their intention of working solely for the screen, the microphone does not suit every voice.

Tours in the colonies and the dominions are becoming more and more restricted.

Sir Martin Harvey has told us how shrewdly Hollywood has ousted living drama from the Canadian theatre in favour of its own canned goods, and how it would seem that Canadians are forced to listen exclusively to the raucous accents of American "wise-crackers."

They are denied the noble diction of the drama that is their heritage. At the moment an English company cannot tour Canada; Hollywood controls her theatres.

British actors and actresses are deservedly popular with American audiences. Their ease of manner and the robust culture of their English voices are something that America cannot produce. But here, again, the outlet is barred.

Equity, the American Actors' Association, working in conjunction with the U.S. immigration authorities, sees that its native members do not suffer unduly from British competition.

As for Hollywood, a leading American film-star has recently declared that "Hollywood is a racket!" Somehow it is rather difficult to imagine our sensitive British players in the rôle of racketeer.

It is obvious that something must be wrong with a system whose favourites would only be too pleased to "walk-on" in a West End show, or do crowd work at Elstree, *if only they were sure they would not be recognised.*

Falling . . .

The star system is unfair to public, playwright and players alike—and, not least of all, to the stars themselves. The stage at best is a precarious profession—and stardom renders it doubly so.

Fortunately, there are signs that the theatre is adjusting itself to changed conditions. Everywhere in the provinces Little Theatres and Repertory Companies, working on a co-operative basis and playing as a team, are springing up.

Towns so diverse in character and constitution as Liverpool and Norwich have each their own permanent company, whose leading-players are freed from the convention of "stardom," which formerly forced them into the maintenance of a false social position and forbade them work inconsonant with their so-called dignity.

The star system is dying, and none will see its final departure with more genuine relief than the stars themselves.

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"AT ONCE
Cleanse them,
Protect them"

DOCTORS ADVISE

Here is the safe way to treat minor injuries

REPAIRING cars, mending bicycles, sharpening tools — the hundred and one things men find to do around the house so often result in little cuts, burns, bruises or abrasions.

Not important in themselves, perhaps, but they may become so if care is not taken to protect them from dirt! "Neglect," doctors say, "invariably leads to serious trouble, so easily does infection occur."

Make sure you are taking no chances if an accident does occur. Have a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly always at hand, ready for every emergency. Smear a little on the wound after washing and then bandage. "Vaseline" Jelly forms a protective layer, helps healthy tissues to grow.

"Vaseline" Jelly may be had at all chemists and stores in jars, tubes and tins. Two kinds — yellow and white. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
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3000

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No toothpaste can cure or correct even slight disorders of teeth or gums.

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In these minute fissures, invisible to the naked eye, food particles lodge. If allowed to remain they cause decay. Colgate's floats them away in a foaming hygienic bath, thus providing the full protection of complete cleansing.

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1/-
LARGE SIZE

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Refresh yourself ...with WRIGLEY'S

DURING a pleasant tramp in the country, there's nothing so refreshing as Wrigley's.

It tones you up and removes that parched feeling—leaving your mouth and throat fresh and cool.

Wrigley's, by promoting the natural flow of the digestive juices, aids the digestion and promotes a healthy appetite. Used regularly after every meal it cleanses and protects the teeth—removing all particles of food that cling in the tiny crevices.

Always carry a packet of Wrigley's—its lasting flavour will delight and refresh you.

Two kinds—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour —and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. per packet, but the finest quality money can buy.

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'PROGRESS'
BARGAIN SALE
Price complete & Carriage Paid £3:0:0
TERMS: 5 - with Order and 5 - Monthly. Fullest Approval
Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 66 x 88ins., weight 7½lbs.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
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Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
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IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Nine Forks, 4 Dessert Nine Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.
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Catalogue of Battery, Mains & Portable Sets, Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NOT POOR—BUT DISHONEST

THE man next door may be one. You never can tell. They're just the sort of people you would least suspect. They pay their bills regularly, live well and behave well; appear the acme of honesty and respectability.

They are what others call "nice people," but what we call charming cheats.

They believe, these people, that "all's fair" in love, war, railway travel and income-tax—the sort of people that cheat themselves at "Patience" and dine with the blinds up.

Their friends are deluded by them; to them they are above reproach. Only railway officials and income-tax officials know them for what they are—cheats.

There was a great "round-up" on a certain railway section the other day. A small regiment of collectors and inspectors was drafted to a chosen area.

And the result? There were scores of "thirds" travelling "first"; there were out-of-date season-tickets; there were people without tickets at all, and people with platform-tickets.

BELIEVE it or not, but most of them who were caught napping were the reverse of those you would have expected to resort to this petty dishonesty. They were well-dressed people with money in their pockets, and very probably money in the banks.

Yes, they stoop as low as that. The railways, they think, are "fair game." They would not steal a loaf, but they delight in stealing a journey.

Deep down in their contemptible little hearts they know that a stolen loaf might land them in jail, but the worst that happens to them for stolen rides is invariably—if they are ever caught—a mild fine and admonishment.

And when they are caught, as they were the other day, they just look sheepish and ashamed and volunteer a variety of cunning excuses:

"I was going to renew my season to-night"; "I was going to pay the difference the other end"; "A friend saw me off and I got his platform-ticket by mistake."

Railway officials have difficulty in bringing home a charge. For these smug cheats are versatile liars.

Thousands of pounds must thus be lost to the companies annually, and it is to their credit that they resist the temptation to drag a defaulter to court unless their case is cast-iron.

Sometimes, of course, they err in their discretion. They did the other day.

The L.M.S. took court action against a business-man of Leigh-on-Sea whose only default was to expedite his boarding of the train by taking a short cut over the station railings.

His season-ticket was in perfect order; there was not the slightest suggestion of fraud; his integrity was undoubted.

Presumably he was made an example of; presumably there are others who climb the railings minus tickets that are in order, possibly minus tickets at all.

But why wasn't a real culprit rounded up? Why wasn't the limelight focused on some charming cheat with money in his pocket and the stain of deceit on his conscience?

That's NOT the TICKET!

She is not a free-ride expert—but ticket inspectors must always be on the alert.

The other day a man of some means and position was caught by an inspector after a long, cross-country chase. Though assaulted, the inspector clung to the cheat, and he was heavily fined.

This man had not the slightest excuse for his meanness.

Publicity is the weapon best employed against such parasites. And the railways are aware of the fact. They make no secret of the fact that the suspected are kept under observation.

OCCASIONALLY notices are posted drawing attention to the number of successful prosecutions against bilkers.

And the moral effect is tremendous. Known cheats have been observed to drop their shady habits in fear.

Railway officials are decent fellows, and they don't go out of their way to look for trouble, but they drop a heavy hand on those they find to be brazenly guilty of fraud.

There was the case recently of a well-known business-man in a London suburb. He was comparatively well-to-do, and in the clubs and "pubs" was the essence of generosity.

Yet this self-same man, day after day, travelled to town with the aid of a twopenny ticket to the next station, and a platform-ticket obtained the day before.

It was, of course, a case of Nemesis. He was prosecuted, and earned the contempt of decent fellow-citizens. But, within a few days, he was at it again.

Even railway officials are unaware of all the varied methods of fraud resorted to by the cheats.

They know the platform-ticket dodge. They know those wily people who dart into retiring and waiting rooms and hide until the collector has left his post. They know the under-the-seat dodge and the person who has been "seeing a friend off."

They are on the alert for those who keep their thumb over the date on the season-ticket, for the man who nods familiarly and pretends to be a railwayman. They know all these and more.

But ever and anon a new dodge materialises. For the cheats are brainy as well as brazen.

Women give a lot of trouble. "A 'dud' ticket is lost in your hand while you exchange a bright smile," said one official. "You make up your mind to glance at tickets instead of bright eyes, but somehow it doesn't always come off!"

THE "third" who travels "first" is a real pest. He steals with impunity facilities for which he hasn't paid.

He knows, of course, that he has only to "pay the difference" if the guard or the "jumpers" catch him, only if he is caught repeatedly is he prosecuted.

These same cheats consider the income-tax people "fair game" also. It's great fun robbing the State.

But at rock-bottom the British public is sound and honest. That is why, perhaps, these charming cheats can flourish for a while.

But they never win in the end. For life, railways and income-tax are like that.

Race with Silver Ring

Unlucky Winners

ALTHOUGH the "Flat" campaign has barely commenced, I have been inundated with complaints from readers who found either Knight Error or Grakle and are now whistling for their winnings.

Even with firms that conduct their business on legitimate lines disputes are bound to arise. Some of the complaints received deal with time post-marks; others quibble over rules. In these cases backers with a grievance can place the facts before Tattersall's Committee.

An appellant is charged a hearing-fee of one guinea, and as the court which settles all disputes is composed of leading lights of the Turf, the charge is not exorbitant.

Time is money at Tatt's, so cases must be put briefly. Both sides are given a hearing, and the chairman of the committee gives a ruling.

Backers and bookmakers who fail to abide by the decision of the court are posted as defaulters.

* * *

Huge fields will rule at Newbury this week-end, and, at the moment of writing, winners are not sticking out. Over 100 horses remain in the Greenham Plate, while the Beckhampton Plate nearly reaches the century.

I think we can leave these alone and have a modest flutter on the Spring Cup.

Lincoln failures predominate, and Tel-Asur will probably be favourite; but I expect to see Massai, very unlucky on the Carholme, do the trick for Major Sneyd.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 9, to Wednesday, April 15.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K
V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

X97O98XCIXC3 would read EASTER HERO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

DJC95X2 would read BURGEE.

"SILVER RING."

Scotsmen love their pipes—

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Buy a Hercules BRITISH CYCLE

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OR ON VERY GENEROUS EASY PAYMENTS

full particulars of which you can obtain from your local dealer. Every Hercules Cycle is fully guaranteed for 50 years. Insist on a Hercules and save money.

Ask your dealer for the 1931 Catalogue showing the complete Hercules range of 16 Cycles, including Roadsters, Light Roadsters and Racers, and the famous Model "G," or write to:—

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., Britannia Works, Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

C.F.H. 322

87 men in 100

abandon all other shaving methods . . . after they have tried Palmolive

We believe you will be interested why Palmolive Shaving Cream is by far the largest selling on the market. It is an achievement to get thousands of men to change their shaving habits—but that is what Palmolive has accomplished.

We are convinced that Palmolive Shaving Cream is the finest shaving preparation known. One thousand men were asked to give us what *they* considered constituted the ideal shaving preparation.

129 times our chemists rejected formulas in perfecting this product. The 130th time they were successful in meeting the requirements, and a shaving cream was developed in which olive oil played a prominent part in easing the action of the razor blade. This cream embodies the 5 unique Palmolive features given below. The result was that out of every 100 men who tried Palmolive 87 became permanent users.

We are eager that you should become another user, but will accept your decision if you will only first make this test. You are the judge. Will you please post the coupon below for a 7-shave trial tube.

5 unique Palmolive Features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

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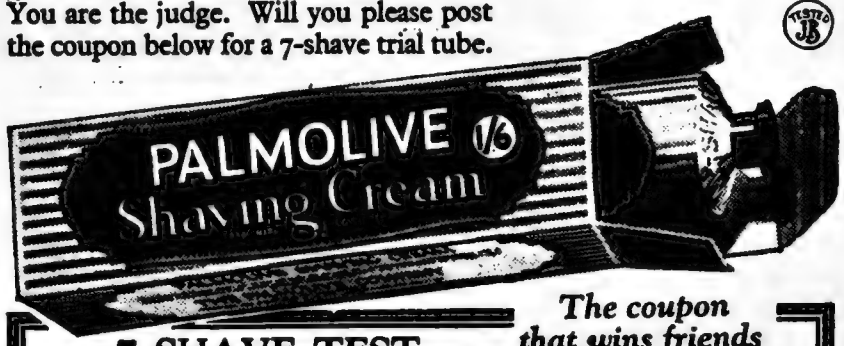
To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After-Shave Talc. Takes away that after-shave shine, but does not show on the face.



The coupon that wins friends

7 SHAVE TEST

Simply insert name and address and send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to PALMOLIVE, Dept. S.C., 44, Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY ..... E4.

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"Beauty is only skin deep"—a well-known saying, but nevertheless untrue!

No Beauty-Parlour in the World can supply that youthful bloom so much sought after by the modern woman. It has a far deeper foundation, and the secret is this.

Look to your health! Eat discreetly and intelligently! Make your food palatable, thus creating appetite and stimulating the digestion, and do so by using Mason's "O.K." Sauce, the result of scientific blending of ripe fruit and Oriental spices, which transforms the most insipid meal. Buy a bottle of this wonderful Condiment to-day, and let it bring *you* good health and beauty—it is sold by all grocers at 6d., 9d. and 11d.

EVERYONE BUYS IT— AND EVERYONE WHO BUYS IT, LIKES IT!

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A LOT DEPENDS

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The best you can buy are Bolenium, worn by the man who knows—the smartest cut and toughest of the tough. Double sewn at every seam detachable buttons, dust and oil-proof cloth—and guaranteed too.

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6'6 BIB & BRACE NEVER LET YOU DOWN

Ask your Outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct to :—

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EASY QUICK CHEAP ZIG ZAG

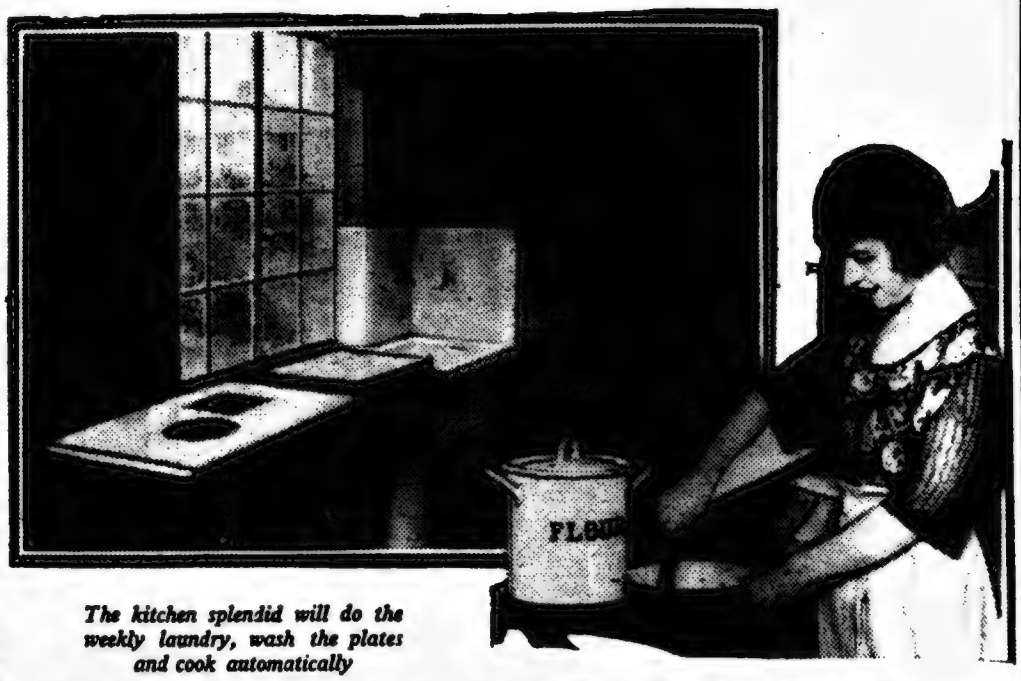
1. Easy to roll your own cigarettes with Zig Zag.
2. Quick—the Zig-Zag automatic packing has a paper ready always.
3. Cheap—you save 3½d. in every 1/-

Mother's New PARADISE

THE kitchen is the most important part of the home, whether it be a mansion or a cottage. To the great majority it is both living-room and eating-room.

There mother rules supreme; there also the joys and dramas of the family are played out.

But a change is coming over the kitchen, whether in mansion or luxury flat, in cottage or new-estate house. And the change is spelled in the two words — electricity and gas.



The kitchen splendid will do the weekly laundry, wash the plates and cook automatically

Already in new luxury flats and the workmen's dwellings the change is to be seen.

My lady's kitchen is, of course, an elaborate affair of white tiles, space-saving cupboards and dressers, cooking stoves and washing machines—all very expensive and labour-saving.

If she is a good housewife the kitchen is her joy, and her servants get through their work with half the trouble, in half the usual time.

Sometimes my lady prefers gas for her cookers and boilers: well, she can have both gas and electricity, or either.

That is all very well for my lady, you will say; but what about Mrs. Smith? Cannot the middle-class and the worker benefit by the health-giving and labour-saving advantages of the up-to-date house and kitchen?

Plugs for all!

They can. One of the features, in many parts of the country, of the houses or tenements recently completed or in course of erection is the labour-saving kitchen.

There are new dwellings lately built, on the site of one of the worst slum-areas of central London, which are already electrified for the new tenant—not only for light, but also for heating and cooking and laundry.

For 9s. 6d. per week there are flats with one living-room, one bedroom, kitchen and bathroom; and the whole flat is equipped with plug-points for electrical appliances.

Larger flats are let at proportionate rentals. They have built-in dressers in the kitchen, with deep, handy sinks.

There is a serving-hatch between kitchen and living-room, so that the tenants need not take their meals in the kitchen unless they so desire.

Mrs. Smith can hand the dishes through the hatch to Bill Smith, and then walk into the parlour and find dinner ready served.

You see, the old kitchen-living-room has in these new dwellings departed into the past. We can let it go—with just a touch of sentiment.

Out the dust devil!

And there are no corners in these working-class flats where dust can collect. The angles of floors, ceilings and walls are all curved so that the broom can get out the dust.

In the Newcastle area there are entire villages where electricity only is used for lighting and heating.

Even the coal-miners, who get their coal cheaply enough at pit-head prices, have their meals prepared by electricity; and the coal is used only for heating the living-room.

In many parts it is still too dear for the working-class housewife to do all her cooking by electricity. In such cases it is common in the modern house or flat to have a good coal-fire grate in the living-room, with an oven attached. Then the oven can be used for the Smiths' Sunday roast.

Lighter meals, however, can be prepared on the electric stove in the kitchen and can also be kept hot in the living-room oven until Bill gets home.

But the tired housewife will say, agreeing that all this would be a heavenly improvement, what about the old house? We can't all move into these new, up-to-the-minute houses.

In every industrial centre there are thousands of the bad old working-class houses, erected thirty, forty or more years ago, and as inconvenient as can be.

Well, something can be done even with these.

Even if the actual construction of the kitchen cannot be altered, if built-in dressers and other devices are not possible, yet some of the advantages of my lady's house and kitchen are being brought within the means of the middle-class or working-class budget.

Not so long ago the cost of installing electricity was prohibitive for people of limited means.

Paying for it

But now progressive municipalities and other undertakings are realising the benefit to the public and to themselves of schemes of "assisted wiring."

Where these schemes are in use, the householder indicates to the electricity undertaking's representative just how many points for lighting or power he desires to have installed.

Then the total cost is spread over a certain number of weekly, monthly or quarterly payments.

Besides instalment payments for wiring, various kinds of appliances are also supplied on hire-purchase terms, or may just be hired.

At present there are 151 electrical undertakings throughout Britain which afford hire-purchase facilities to the consumer

These include large, closely-populated areas such as Glasgow, Sheffield, Swansea and various London boroughs, as well as smaller communities and even certain rural districts.

Undoubtedly the number will increase.

Take Swindon, for instance. Here the cost of installation, plus 5 per cent., is spread over three years, while in East Ham you pay a quarter of the total down and the balance in four, eight or twelve quarterly payments.

In some areas the cost of installation is added to the price of the unit until the payment is completed.

Even a household of moderate means, by taking advantage of the hire-purchase system, can afford one well-placed, properly shaded light in each room, one transportable radiator and an electric iron and kettle.

Later on, perhaps, to these may be added the electric cooking-stove and water-heater.

Refrigerators are still rather dear; but within a few years' time it should be possible to produce them at lower cost. And they may also be bought on deferred terms.

Settled, at last

Then the working-class housewife will actually save money, because every scrap of food will remain fresh, and nothing need be thrown away.

Improvements are effected whenever there is sufficient demand for them; and the housewife must bring home to the understanding of landlords that hardwood draining-boards, shelves of the right height, and electrical installation will pay both builders and landlords in the long run.

For these things all make for contented, healthy tenants who will settle down comfortably in their dwellings rather than keep continually in mind the thought of moving at the first chance to better quarters.

But it will mean the abolition of the old home kitchen as used to-day by many millions of people.

To some—particularly the older folk—this will be a wrench. Indeed, it is probable they will say, "The old kitchen is good enough for our life-times."

The younger generation, looking to a higher standard of living, will be glad to escape in the newer living-room the smells and the clutter of food and utensils.

Yes, the old-fashioned is doomed, and electric power and the new gas-fittings will some day be the rule rather than the exception.

But electric power must be made very much cheaper.

The World's Best Night-cap

MAKE "Ovaltine" your "good-night" beverage every night. This perfect tonic food supplies that light, easily assimilated nourishment which soothes the nerves into quiet, natural sleep.

Delicious "Ovaltine" presents, in a correctly balanced form, the restorative nourishment of Nature's richest foods—malt, milk and eggs. Eggs are particularly important because they provide organic phosphorus—an essential requirement for building up the nerves.

The world-wide popularity which "Ovaltine" enjoys is convincing evidence of its outstanding merits. Probably no other food has received such a vast number of unsolicited testimonials from the Medical and Nursing professions and the general public.

When "Ovaltine" is your night-cap you will enjoy dreamless, restful sleep and awake gloriously refreshed. You will get through the most exacting day feeling splendidly fit—overwhelming proof that "Ovaltine" is "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- 3/9 per tin.

P 716

YOU NEED HALL'S WINE IN SPRINGTIME

Hall's Wine is the great springtime tonic. By enriching the blood and feeding the nerves it renews health and vitality after the strain of winter. It brings back that glorious feeling of fitness and vigour. Get a bottle to-day.

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THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Large Bottle **5/6** Smaller Size **3/3**

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In 2d. Bags, and in Cartons, 6d., 1/- and 1/4

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POTATO CRISPS

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Liverpool Virus exterminates rats and mice cleanly and efficiently. Harmless to human beings and animals.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Drives Rats and Mice outdoors to die. They dry up. No smell.

Of all chemists. Mice 1/6 & 2/6. Rats 2/6 & 6/-.

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb. Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Avoid Indigestion!

DIGESTIVE disorder is nearly always due to excess acid in the stomach, and it is only by neutralising this acidity that indigestion can be avoided. The best way of doing this is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which not only instantly neutralises excess acid and thus gives quick relief, but also soothes and heals the acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is recommended and used by Doctors all over the world; it is an absolute safeguard against indigestion and dyspepsia.

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prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

Powder - 1/3 - Tablets

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Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

—and TEMPTATION

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published we will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

A SERVANT

who threatens

THE daughter of seafaring folk, I was born with the love of the sea in my blood. My father was captain of a cargo-boat, and my earliest recollections are of the joy experienced by my invalid sister, mother and myself whenever he was due home from a voyage.

At seventeen, I was in love with a sailor lad, also in the Merchant Service, and it was agreed that he should ask my parents' consent to an engagement as soon as his position warranted it.

Then came a day when father could no longer follow his occupation; a creeping rheumatic affection laid hold of his limbs, and also my sister's spinal complaint had developed, so that she was now a helpless invalid.

My marriage now receded to a very far horizon. Mother and I had the task of waiting upon two invalids and earning the living for four of us.

We bought a sewing-machine and took in shirt-making, working early and late to make ends meet. The struggle was appalling.

To add to our distress we were repeatedly told that if father could have some special treatment with certain baths there might be a chance of his recovery.

Mother was telling this one day to our landlord when he came to collect the rent.

He proffered great sympathy, and, looking at me, said: "Well, there is a way in which this treatment, or anything else needed for your comfort, can easily be afforded."

I knew what he meant. Though twenty years older than myself, he had more than once hinted at his willingness to marry me, remarks I had hitherto passed off with a joke.

THIS day, for the first time, I caught mother looking at me wistfully as though she wished the marriage might happen.

It was not until mother's health showed signs of breaking under the strain that my resistance wore down.

On the strict understanding that my wealthy lover would help my family, I accepted him.

I wrote one long, despairing letter to the boy I loved, telling him how matters stood, and in a few weeks married the man of property.

We had no honeymoon, but went straight to his home, a gloomy, old-fashioned house.

Once settled in, he dismissed his cook-housekeeper, and just laughed in my face when I reminded him of his promise to help my father.

He was a miser pure and simple, and from first to last has kept me short of cash.

If you ask why I did not leave him when I discovered his true character, I will tell you the honest truth.

I gritted my teeth and stuck it in the hope that, being so much younger, I might outlive him and help my beloved with his wealth.

But now I am beginning to wonder. My mother and father are dead, my sister is in a home for incurables, and there has lately come back into my life the boy I loved.

He is now captain of his own vessel and has never married. He wants me to leave my old, miserly husband, and says he will be good to my child, a boy of seven.

Do you not think that, after all these years of misery and trouble, I am at last entitled to seek a little happiness for myself?

"HUMANIST" says: You made a great sacrifice to help your family, but things went wrong.

You will not improve matters by going off with a man upon whom you have no legal claim and who may leave you stranded whenever he tires.

Something is due to the father of your child. Try, for the child's sake, to make the best of your home life, and do not drag his name in dishonour.

A SERVANT

who threatens

MY mother was left a widow when I was a girl in my early teens. Four years later all her money, invested in a concern that failed, was lost.

In order to live, mother took in lodgers, and one of them, a quiet, reserved man, eventually married her.

Mother seemed so happy in this second venture that I could only be glad for her sake. Then again came trouble. Eight years after this marriage mother's second husband met with a fatal accident at work.

Compensation was paid, and mother bought the tiny cottage in which we both lived. Mother kept house, and I went out to work.

Then mother became seriously ill. She underwent two operations and will shortly have to face a third. This has obliged me to get someone to do the housework.

I had recommended to me a woman who appeared to be everything I could wish. But gradually, as this woman became installed in the house, she showed she had claws.

She tells me she is the legal wife of my mother's second husband, that the man was never free to remarry, that the house, bought with the compensation money, is hers by right, as well as everything personal or in cash that my "stepfather" left.

She says that if I "treat her properly," which means giving in to any exaction she likes to make, she will keep quiet.

If not, she will blurt out the whole truth, show mother the marriage-lines and other papers she holds, and risk accelerating her death.

You can guess what all this horrible scandal means to me. I dare not even tell our vicar for fear it should leak out, for we live in a small village where everybody is agog to learn as much of their neighbour's business as possible.

"HUMANIST" says: I strongly advise you to dispense at once with this woman's services. Refer her to a solicitor. If she can prove the validity of her papers, legal proceedings will be needed to substantiate her claims.

Take a firm line and you will quite likely find her to be an impostor, who can be prosecuted for demanding money with threats.

SORRY FATHER

is homesick

I AM a single woman, twenty-five years of age. Two married sisters are living abroad, and I and my brother keep house together.

Mother died five years ago. She and father, owing entirely to his drunken habits, never got on well together.

She suffered from a weak heart, and one day, when father was in a drunken rage, he struck her.

She never recovered consciousness, but as no one but ourselves had seen father hit her, the hurt was attributed to a fall due to heart failure.

Soon after father went away in search of work, and I took in lodgers and did dressmaking.

I heard nothing of my father until a week ago, when he wrote from a town at some distance. He wants to come back to his home if assured of forgiveness and a place in our hearts.

He says he gave up drinking from the moment of the accident, and he would like to do what he can to make amends.

I confess my heart aches for him, but my brother says he will never forgive. So soon as father sets his foot over the threshold, so surely will my brother go to the police and denounce him.

"HUMANIST" says: Obey the dictates of your heart and welcome your father home. His repentance for the tragic accident is apparently sincere and your brother's threat mere bluff.

If not, his vindictiveness could have no practical effect, for what, after all, could he prove?

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

NEVER SAY "CAN'T"

"Cannot do for myself"

"HERE I am to-day," writes Jo, whose photo we give, "at the age of forty-five, lying in bed useless—cannot do for myself, and have not been out since last November. I have not known this last five years what it is to be out of pain."

Even when Jo manages to sit up a bit he has the discomfort of a "straight jacket" and crutches.

How came Jo to be disabled for life?

After the war he went back to his work in the mine, and on March 17, 1926, he was involved in a colliery accident, sustaining double fracture of the spine. He was in hospital for two years and three months.

This is his account of his gradual return to life:

"What attracted me that Whitsun was a man with a white coat. He came to the bedside with the matron. I was like a lump of lead and could not lift my arms. 'Take a deep breath and try and move your toes,' urged the doctor. I said, 'Doctor, *I can't!*'

"He told me there was no such word as can't. Then I lifted my right arm. The doctor patted me and said, 'Don't say you can't do anything.' "That was faith," adds Jo, "the best medicine he could give."

Buoyed up with faith, he progressed from bed to spinal-carriage; from spinal-carriage to invalid-chair." Finally he was able to go home.

"Home" means a perpetual struggle, for he has only his £1 8s. 2d. compensation, and a 4s. 6d. relief-ticket for food, on which to maintain his wrecked body, his wife and three children, aged thirteen, eleven and six years.

The rent of 8s. 9d. a week is in arrears, and he cannot afford the nourishing food he should be getting.

On reading this case, we are sure the only "Can't" our readers will say is that they can't resist helping Jo.

Subscriptions, whether earmarked for Jo or not, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

As we no longer publish acknowledgments, lists of donations can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

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because you are so sweet . . . so natural. I love the dainty fragrance which always seems to be about you. . . ." Sure tribute to the "finger-tip touch" of AZIADE . . . the exquisite, highly concentrated, Parisian Perfumes de Luxe in solid form—which linger for hours with their alluring suggestion of freshly-cut flowers.

Have you tried AZIADE? The merest finger-tip touch behind the ears, on your hair, dress or handkerchief surrounds you for hours with a fascinating fragrance.

Aziade Compact Perfumes—*Lilac, Jasmin, Muguet, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Violet, Chypre, Origan*, in boxettes at 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6, are sold by all Chemists and Hairdressers.

BEWARE of cheap imitations. Insist on AZIADE, the genuine Parisian Compact Perfumes.

SAMPLE OFFER—Send 9d. (stamps) for Palette of 6 perfumes to Gueneaux (England), Ltd., Dept. W.34, 168, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Be sure to ask for

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KESTOS BRASSIÈRE, 3/11 to 22/6.

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Kestos Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Maddox House, Regent Street, W. (Wholesale only.)

Found!

A Powder That Stays On

In spite of wind, sun or rain, sports or dancing—and gives an indescribably beautiful freshness to your skin. No more shiny nose and greasy, bot-looking face. 3,000,000 women use Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder every day—stage celebrities, cinema stars, society beauties, lovely women everywhere.

Try Poudre Tokalon and you will never change powders again.

Now bigger!

CADBURYS

2D BAR OF MILK CHOCOLATE

HALF A CUP OF FULL CREAM MILK IN EVERY 2D BAR

SUFFERED FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS

Rash Itched Terribly. Healed by Cuticura.

"I suffered for eighteen months with a rash which was all over my face. It was of a dry nature and itched terribly so that I could not keep from scratching it. I was on and off work for two or three years, and did not like to go out anywhere on account of it.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I was pleased with the results. I purchased more and after using three tins of Cuticura Ointment and three tablets of Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) G. Holyoak, 156, Curzon St., Leicester, Eng., Nov. 24, 1929.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet uses.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-hse. Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Ladies—

Heed Her Experience

Sunderland.—"As a sufferer from biliousness and sick headache," writes Miss L. Haddock, "I must add my tribute to the many who have spoken so highly of the merits of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They have done more for me than all the remedies I have tried. I had to be very careful about my diet, but since taking Carter's Little Liver Pills I am able to digest food I wouldn't dream of touching a few months ago." Carter's Little Liver Pills quickly ensure sweet breath and clear complexion. Relieve acid stomach and indigestion. Take genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. In 1/3 and 3/- bottles. Of all Chemists.

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HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

A WOMAN'S ANXIETY.

"Is there anything that will give me back my natural colour and the strength that I once had?" That is the question many overworked and thin-blooded women and girls are asking.

Worry, and in many cases work beyond their strength, have snapped their vitality. Tired and run-down all the time, getting through the day's duties only by strength of will, it is surprising that they avoid a serious breakdown. They eat little, and cannot digest that, while weakness increases until merely going upstairs causes breathlessness and palpitation. All these sufferings arise from bloodlessness, which is woman's worst enemy, and, as is well known, nervous disorders also have their beginning in poor blood.

The most reliable blood enricher and tonic is Dr. Williams' pink pills, and, far better than anything else, they meet the need of pale, weak, nervous women who drag about never quite well, and never strong enough for the day's work. These pills not only enrich the blood, they actually create new blood, and the best evidence of their value is the praise expressed by happy, healthy girls and women in every town throughout the country.

FREE. All women should read "Nature's Warnings," a booklet of real help, sent free to all who write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

For your throat

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist sells them

8d & 1/3 Per Box

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

HOW I SAVE FOR MY HOLIDAY

Original letters upon this subject—

My Cup-Tie Story

—not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 14.

ELEVEN and a half months' sedentary work makes a fortnight's holiday a necessity more than a luxury.

But holidays mean money, and last-minute saving would not produce the requisite cash.

So I levy a voluntary holiday rate upon my income, to the extent of a few shillings' deduction each week.

This I invest by way of the well-known home-safe method, and with the modest 2½ per cent. the bank gives me, I am assured of a nice little sum, ample for my requirements.—*Robert W. Lock, Exmouth.*

B.B.C. Calling

The British broadcast programmes do not please everybody, but I find great enjoyment in them—sometimes also annoyance.

When an item pleases me, I mark my appreciation by dropping a penny into a money-box; if the item displeases me, I do not.

The amount saved pays for my holidays, renewals to my radio, and, besides making no great drain upon my pocket, it also proves that, collectively, the programmes are good.—*G. Hignet, Everton.*

The Tithe

We decide where to go and find out the cost. Dividing cost into ten, for ten months of the year we deposit one-tenth, as if a debt to ourselves.

Nothing is saved during the month we go away, and December savings are used for Christmas.—*S. E. Lloyd, Solihull.*

A Bob Off

Every time I break into a pound, I lay aside 1s., and with this I purchase two national savings stamps.

This works out at about 5s. a fortnight, or 10s. a month. In this way at the end of a year I have saved something over £6.

Having got into the habit, I am hardly conscious that for ordinary spending purposes my pounds are worth 19s. instead of 20s.—*Housekeeper, Edinburgh.*

Wonderful Woman

I save for holidays by letting my wife do it. She is a wonderful woman, and Mr. Snowden himself could learn from her about balancing a budget.

Her family is well looked after all the year, yet when summer comes there is a nice little sum saved for holidays.

How on earth she does it on her allowance—I'm a labourer—I do not know.

My little economies may help, but without the wife's help my holiday would be spent in the local park.—*E. Graves, Hull.*

Nimble Threepenny

I save all halfpennies and threepenny-bits I receive in change. My husband does the same.

I buy stamps with the money and stick them on the forms the post-office provides. Each completed shilling is transferred to my savings account.

A few weeks before the holidays I also save all my sixpences, if necessary, to make up the sum aimed at.—*D. S., W. Yorks.*

"Will" Does It

It seems almost absurd for an agricultural worker even to mention the word holiday. But it is quite possible if he has the will to save.

Here is how I do it. I have four kiddies, and a penny per day is put into a box for each.

As soon as "summer-time" commences, I work from daylight till dark and add my overtime money to the penny per day.—*J. A. O., Southampton.*

Tours Arranged

To most people preparation for holidays is an arduous duty. I have, therefore, formed myself into a kind of travel bureau for my friends.

I have lists of recommended apartments, make enquiries, deal with all correspondence, and complete the final arrangements.

I also see to packing, label all luggage, see to arrangements where luggage has to be sent in advance, look up suitable trains, and order taxis. The small fees I get form my holiday fund.—*D., Newport.*

Fifty-Fifty

My hubby and I go fifty-fifty in our holiday savings fund. I deduct 2s. 6d. per week from my housekeeping money, my partner adding 2s. 6d. from his beer and tobacco allowance.

It's not easy, by any means, yet it is the only way we are enabled to realise our glorious week in August.—*E. B., Bradford.*

Spare-time Saving

My spare-time job as agent to a firm of general providers nets me somewhere between £10 and £15 for the summer holidays by letting my commission run on instead of drawing it monthly.

I can spend my regular pocket-money to the limit, content that the few hours a week my agency demands is doing all my saving.—*C. A., Leeds.*

Doing Their Bit

A painter and decorator by trade, I always get plenty of spare-time work as soon as the springtime comes.

My regular wage is just enough to keep my family in comfort; therefore, every job I do allows me to put away all profits, after paying for materials.

My family do their bit to assist me, such as trimming wallpapers, mixing paste, cleaning brushes, etc., all being thus able to enjoy the fruits of our labours.—*Painter, Worcs.*

How's the Purse?

I save half-a-crown each week out of my housekeeping money; but as this totals only £6 odd a year, I have to scheme other ways of adding to it, so whatever remains in my purse when the week's expenses have been met I drop in my holiday-box.

This is materially increased in the summer, when living is cheaper and I can save 4s. 6d. per week on coal and wood alone.—*M. K. Taylor, Birmingham.*

Busy Bees

I specialise in home-made preserves and pickles. There is invariably more garden fruit than our family can consume, and hedgerow fruit can be had for the picking.

Green tomatoes, not likely to ripen, are converted into chutney.

Surplus peas, beans, cauliflowers and shallots are preserved in bottles or pickled.

My apiary yields a handsome and never-failing profit.—*Mrs. B., Ringwood.*

Useful Cheque

Some years ago we debated in the office the best way to save for holidays. We decided that systematic saving was essential, and established a holiday fund under the management of an honorary secretary.

It is a rule that each member must contribute regularly, thus ensuring having sufficient money to meet all expenses of an annual holiday.

Contributions are invested in the bank, and members just before going on holiday are presented with a cheque which includes interest.—*W. J. Williams, Bury St. Edmunds.*

* * *

The difference between the real prices and the prices of goods bought in the sales is dropped into the holiday box.—*G. G., London, N.*

Every time I drop a penny into the gas-meter I drop a penny into a box beside it. As my gas-bills average £5 per year, I have a similar amount to spend on holidays. — *D. Anderson, Altrincham.*

I get a money-box and make my husband put 6d. in each time he swears, and 1s. if it is in front of the children.—*Mrs. J., Croydon.*

I have fixed a cyclometer on my bicycle, and for every 100 miles it indicates I place half-a-crown in a savings bank.—*Wilfred Willis Birmingham.*

OUR EXPERT SAYS—

Football Forecasts for April 11

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) Grimsby v. Arsenal.
(2) WEST HAM v. Blackpool.
(3) VILLA v. Sheffield U.
(4) BOLTON v. Leeds.
(5) CHELSEA v. Derby.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Birmingham.
(7) LIVERPOOL v. Sunderland.
(8) Manchester U. v. Blackburn.
(9) MIDDLESBRO' v. Leicester.
(10) NEWCASTLE U. v. Manchester C.
*(11) WEDNESDAY v. Portsmouth.

SECOND DIVISION.
*(1) MILLWALL v. Cardiff.
(2) SOUTHAMPTON v. Port Vale.
*(3) BRADFORD v. Barnsley.
(4) Burnley v. W. B. Albion.
(5) FOREST v. Bury.
(6) Oldham v. EVERTON.
(7) PRESTON v. Swansea.
(8) READING v. Bradford C.
(9) STOKE v. Bristol C.
**(10) HOTSPUR v. Plymouth.
(11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Charlton.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
*(1) BRISTOL R. v. Norwich.
(2) NORTHAMPTON v. Boscombe.
(3) BRENTFORD v. Watford.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Fulham.
(5) Palace v. Notts County.
*(6) EXETER v. Coventry.
(7) GILLINGHAM v. Walsall.
(8) LUTON v. Thames.
(9) Newport v. Q. P. RANGERS.
*(10) SOUTHEND v. Orient.
*(11) TORQUAY v. Swindon.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
**(1) TRANMERE v. Doncaster.
(2) ROCHDALE v. N. Brighton.
**(3) ACCRINGTON v. Halifax.
(4) BARROW v. Nelson.
(5) CARLISLE v. Hull.
(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Wigan.
(7) Crewe v. STOCKPORT.
(8) ROTHERHAM v. Hartlepools.
(9) SOUTHPORT v. Darlington.
(10) WREXHAM v. Gateshead
(11) York v LINCOLN.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) FALKIRK v. East Fife
(2) Clyde v. Rangers.
(3 Cowdenbeath v. AIRDRIE
(4) Hibernians v. Hamilton.
(5) MORTON v. Aberdeen.
*(6) PARTICK v. Leith.
(7) QUEEN'S PARK v. Kilmarnock.
(8) St. Mirren v. HEARTS.

SCOTTISH CUP FINAL.
GLASGOW CELTIC v. Motherwell.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and the next best with one.

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

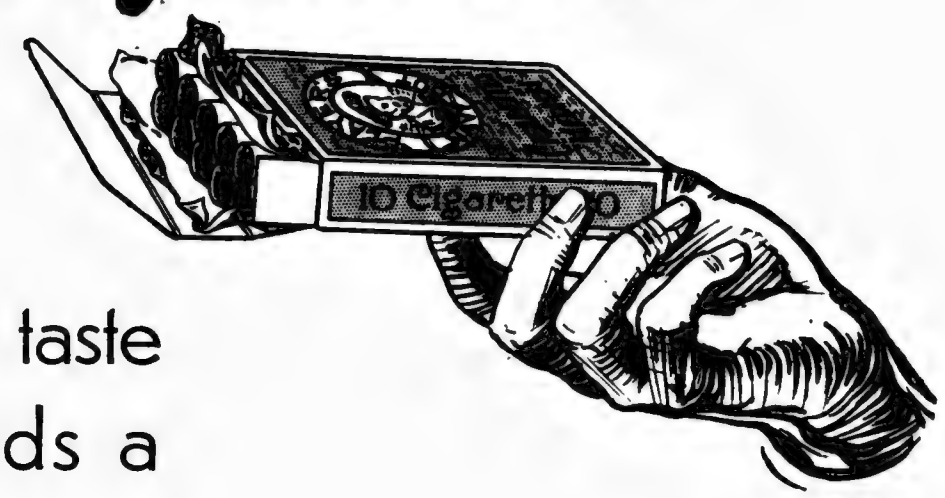
Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—11 (H); Div. 11.—10 (H); Southern Section—1 (H), 9 (A); Northern Section—3 (H); Scottish League—6 (H) would indicate Wednesday, Hotspur, Bristol Rovers, Q. P. Rangers, Accrington and Partick.

This Week's Star

Adcock, Leicester's right-winger

Have one of mine!



Smokers of good taste
offer their friends a
full value cigarette

PLAYER'S

GIVE FULL VALUE

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

What if YOU won this £1,000!

This is possible with the help of The Waverley Modern English Dictionary. It has brought success to others. Why not to You!

I won £500 Outright!
"I won £500 outright in a Sunday Newspaper Crossword Competition. . . . I never use any other dictionary than the Waverley."—Mrs. M., Carwithen, Southampton.

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In the **WAVERLEY** you will find words that are not to be found in other dictionaries published anywhere near its price. That is why we claim it as indispensable for solving crosswords.

FREE for FOUR DAYS

You may examine this book for four clear days, without the slightest charge or obligation to purchase. You will then be able to realise how valuable it would be in solving your crossword puzzles. **It is invaluable, too, for business purposes and should be in every home, especially where there are children, as an aid to home-work and study.**

Win money this year with the aid of this book. But see it first FREE.

Fill in and complete form below and post to-day under ½d. postage, when you will receive for four days' examination, this wonderful dictionary. No charge or obligation is involved if it does not meet with your approval.

FREE EXAMINATION FORM

THE WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY, LTD., 96-97, Farringdon Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

Please send the Waverley Dictionary for me to examine for four days FREE of all obligation. I may return the book on the fifth day, and that ends the matter, or I may keep it and send you 2/6 in five days with six further consecutive monthly instalments of 4/- each and a final payment of 3/6, or I may pay cash on the fifth day, 22/6.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

State if Householder .....

Parent's Signature required if under 21.....

J.B.G., 1931.

£1,000 'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE X-WORD FIRST

AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

EASY TO ENTER • NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Here is a £1,000 cash prize waiting to be won. Here is your golden opportunity of netting a four-figure fortune in a simple and fascinating contest. In addition to the huge £1,000 First, £100 is offered for runners-up. Do not delay—enter for this great Contest NOW and the big prize may be yours.

CLOSING DATE, THURS. (Noon), APRIL 16th.

EASY TO ENTER

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 110. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), April 16th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 23rd. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 30th.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully. Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

1.—Complete puzzle **in ordinary ink**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee is Sixpence. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it / & Co. /. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form: send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **noon, Thursday, April 16th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than one Entry Form containing the two squares. If either of the two puzzle squares it contains is left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered, that one square will be disqualified and the other accepted. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—The result of this contest will appear in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 30th. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by or before first post, **Tuesday, May 12th,** addressing Registered Letter containing £1 scrutiny fee to Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of P.O. Should such demand prove justified the fee will be refunded and the result amended accordingly. Competitors must accept the result of the scrutiny as final.

4.—No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 cash, the winners of which will be decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Limited, and members of their families are not eligible.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY.

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 110), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this week's £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 110

Entry Form "A."

JB 110

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

JB 110

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), April 16th.

CUT HERE

Cut out the above Form complete.

Clues Across.

1. WHEEL CENTRE.
3. A FLAG IS, IN THE AIR.
8. EGG-SHAPED.
10. CLOTHED.
13. BOATS FOUND ON THIS.
14. WAN.
15. PARADISE.
17. SLIPPERY FISH.
19. AILING.
21. YOU TRAVEL BY THIS.
22. SMALL PINCERS.
23. METHOD.
25. SUDDEN FRIGHT.
26. EXCLUDE.
27. SECRETLY OBSERVE.
29. AFFIRMATIVE.
31. TIDE DOES THIS.
35. NOT COUNTERFEIT.
37. ELEVATE.
38. NUMBER OF FISH.
41. SIGNWRITER'S LETTERING IS, USUALLY.
42. PROVIDES SUSTENANCE.
43. THE SAME.
44. HOW WIDOW SHOWS GRIEF.
45. DESCRIBES COMEDIAN'S JOKE.

Clues Down.

1. OFTEN NEEDED BY GARDENER.
2. YOU WERE THIS WHEN YOU WERE BORN.
4. TRIMMING FOR DRESS.
5. SECOND OF TWO.
6. PINCH.
7. NATURE-LOVER SEEKS.
9. ONE WHO LENDS.
11. THE IRON ROAD.
12. STOP FOR A TIME.
16. DESCRIBES BRAINLESS FLAPPER.
18. BEAUTIFIES THE COUNTRY-SIDE.
20. WEAPONS.
22. EVERY ONE SHORTENS A JOURNEY.
24. "HERE WE —— AGAIN!"
26. STAIN.
28. SQUEEZE.
30. WOMAN'S TONGUE IS, SOMETIMES.
32. THE FOREHEAD
33. A BUNDLE.
34. EDGE.
36. SERPENTS.
39. GREASY LIQUID.
40. EVERYTHING.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Winners in X-Word No. 107 appear on Page 12.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 108

JB.108

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 108 is given here with as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY.

ANOTHER £1,000 X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

J. F. (Gourock).—"I recently jumped three and a half feet from a sitting position." Are you an uncle?

The Editor Replies

P. M. (Glasgow).—"Cycling is popular in Scotland." Free wheels?

Mrs. V. K. (Dover).—"Where is the domestic servant of yesterday?" In a fresh situation, probably.

V. S. (Bodmin).—"However, I had the satisfaction of laughing last." Did someone explain the joke to you?

F. C. (Burnley).—"Thank goodness I don't talk a lot of rot like some people do." You prefer to write it?

J. W. (Esher).—"The modern girl is not so young as she makes herself out to be." Or up.

W. D. (Birmingham).—"It has been suggested that I should go abroad." On medical or legal grounds?

F. K. (Wardour Street).—"Douglas Fairbanks is going to shoot big game." We hope he won't be lionised.

T. V. (Wye).—"I am determined not to tell my wife what I earn." She'll get it out of you in the end.

REGINALD (Brighton).—"In the spring a young man's fancy . . ." Leaves lip salve on his face!

A. Y. (Lincoln).—"Legally, a man has not got the right to open his wife's letters." Nor the courage.

JOAN (Swansea).—"He is very shy and insisted on sitting on one sofa while I sat on the other." A tale of two settees.

H. S. (Seaton).—"Most of us are fond of people who agree with us." And of food that doesn't.

R. M. (Rugby).—"I think that a policy of give and take is good for everybody." It's certainly much better than a policy of misgivings and mistakes.

C. N. (Canterbury).—"Can you tell me in a few words your honest opinion of some American talkies seen over here recently?" Stars and tripe.

V. R. (Dagenham).—"Every manufacturer likes a buyer to push his product." Except the one who makes motor-cars.

L. V. (Dudley).—"There are lean times ahead in the building trade." Many new houses are that way inclined already.

L. B. (Margate).—"There is an African tribe which always carries on conversation by means of grunts." In this country that sort of thing only happens at breakfast.

E. K. (Brixton).—"Plays are coming off every day, and nearly all the managers are to be seen with drawn expressions." You mean withdrawn expressions.

D. G. (York).—"When I arrived home I was surprised to find that my wife had put my slippers ready for me in front of a nice, big fire in my study, and had also opened a fresh bottle of whisky." Did you like her new spring costume?

Write to "John Bull" About It!

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

W. P. (Chelsea).—"Do you know why I always write in pencil?" No, we don't even know why you write.

J. L. (Sidcup).—"I always treat my guests as members of the family." And do they come again?

H. P. (Buxton).—"I learnt all I know at a night school." Then your letter must have been written in the daytime.

H. M. (Highgate).—"There's a tune going through my head." Probably there's nothing to stop it.

L. N. (Ely).—"The man she is engaged to is very boring, but undoubtedly of good extraction." A dentist?

F. K. (Frome).—"You must have thought that the article I sent you was rubbish." Yes, we refuse refuse.

METEOROLOGIST (Glasgow).—"If broadcasting were stopped, weather would improve." So would broadcasting.

P. B. (Victoria).—"I know a taxi-driver who became a successful business man." Risen from the ranks.

L. L. (Sussex).—"History repeats itself." But not to the schoolboy sitting for his examination.

DAD (Herne Bay).—"Young girlhood is knocking at the door." Well, if you object to getting up to let her in, why don't you allow her to have a latchkey?

J. D. (Muswell Hill).—"I see that a policeman has composed a syncopated waltz tune." Perhaps the idea came to him while he was on a strange beat.

A. H. (Selby).—"I have written you over a hundred letters during the past three years." Yes, you've been exceeding the screed limit.

C. M. (Billericay).—"This country has turned out some of the worst novelists it is possible to imagine." They seem to have crept back again, though.

G. S. (Baldock).—"I kissed the enclosed manuscript good-bye before sending it to you." You now have the chance to embrace it on its return.

D. G. (St. Albans).—"Most of one's success at card games depends on the hand one gets." A great deal depends on a great deal.

P. M. (Highgate).—"A couple were married in the air while flying over Sofia." Like all newly-married couples, they eventually came to earth.

S. T. (Tooting).—"I got a number on the 'phone the other day within ten seconds." But was it the one you wanted?

REV. (Derby).—"Have you a cheerful, open face?" Yes; except at the dentist's, when we find it impossible to keep it cheerful *and* open.

F. K. (Salisbury).—"There are now rubber shoes for horses." Sportsmen deny that the idea is to enable hunters to sneak up behind foxes and pounce on them unawares.

BERT (Tooting).—"A London taxi-driver has been fined for biting a leather merchant." No one but a taxi-driver would trouble to test a tanner by this method.

T. G. M. (Bristol).—"A scientist states that nothing ever quite reaches perfection." He can never have heard a canvasser's description of the vacuum-cleaner for which he wishes a prospective customer to place an order.

PUBLIC SPEAKER (Glasgow).—"I addressed a series of meetings here recently and the hall was packed every night." It has been bitterly cold in London, too.

T. B. C. (Oxford) — "Reading about the hero and heroine embracing in a novel always makes me see red." Still, it does sometimes indicate that the book is almost at an end.

GEORGE (Hull).—"There are over 2,000 newspapers and periodicals in this country alone." Then why pick on us?

L. C. (Stirling).—"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks." What about "fortnight"?

D. N. (Oxford).—"She says she is round about twenty-three." She means she is thirty-two.

PHYLLIS (Wrexham).—"I bought a new hat for a song." Did your husband provide the notes?

C. E. (Feltham).—"I am self-made." That relieves somebody of an unpleasant responsibility.

S. T. (Pevensey).—"Owing to cost of living, gravediggers want higher wages." But that will increase the cost of dying.

M. F. (Grimsby).—"Only one thing prevents me from becoming a first-class singer." Your voice?

H. P. (Southampton).—"I choose everything in our house." Do you pick the quarrels, too?

J. S. (Matlock).—"I read that a one-time Scotland Yard detective is now a hairdresser in the West End." Still combing London.

DOCTOR (S.E.26).—"People have not much staying power nowadays." Haven't any of your relatives ever invited themselves for the week-end?

J. L. (Crewe).—"This photograph of me proves that the camera doesn't lie." Still, it needn't have been quite so candid.

D. L. (Kettering).—"I like a man to hold his head up." So does our laundry, judging by the edge it puts on stiff collars.

H. B. (Wimbledon).—"It is no trouble to me to keep my wife dressed in the height of fashion." No, the trouble will come when you don't.

P. C. T. (Torquay).—"The only thing that will save cricket this year is faster scoring." Get a good example yourself, then. Knock up eight centuries in one week with the help of page 35.

EXPLORER (London, W.).—"When I was last in China I met a native who had never visited this country, but who knew everything there is to know about it." That probably explains why he has never visited this country.

MRS. G. N. (Liverpool).—"It is claimed of a newly-invented jelly that it will set in three minutes." We understand, however, that this guarantee does not hold good in households where there are small boys.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS: — "The fence was RE-ELECTED."

EVENING WORLD:—"Two new Aladdin table LAMBS."

ROVER:—"The unconscious BOX was lifted up and carried to the launch."

IRISH NEWS:—"When —— appeared in the dock he withdrew his plea of guilty and PLEADED GUILTY."

EVENING CITIZEN:—"He used to buy fifteen SCENES for his breakfast."

EVENING WORLD:—"—— was walking along a FOOTBATH."

EXPRESS (Kent):—"Considerable damage was done by the extraordinarily high TIMES."

MALTA CHRONICLE AND IMPERIAL SERVICE GAZETTE:—"The firemen are still playing HORSES on the smouldering *débris*.

EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"She has confounded the critics by out-driving one of the hardest-SITTING women players."

WEST WALES GUARDIAN:—"Looking back over the fourteen years, he did not think the vicar had ever SCALDED him."

PETERBOROUGH ADVERTISER: — "The CAR had then gone to his house to telephone for a doctor."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS: — "Colonel —— was carried shoulder high to the SHOP in which he sailed."

THE STATESMAN:—"A tremendous crowd assembled at Upton Park to witness the local duel between West Ham and AUSTRALIA."

DARTMOUTH AND SOUTH HAMS CHRONICLE:—"Later they were linked up with other engines, and directing JESTS on the conflagration."

ALTRINCHAM, BOWDEN, AND HALE GUARDIAN:—"In the duet Miss —— and Mr. —— BLINDED their voices with striking effect."

MACCLESFIELD TIMES:—"A verdict of 'NATIONAL causes' was returned."

DOCTORS ADVISE

orange juice for Children

GOLDEN SHRED

... IS orange juice and ... sugar ...

THAT is why

YOUR CHILD'S BREAD needs

'Golden Shred'

Blind Man's Holiday . . .

Those precious idle few minutes when the fire glows and you'll soon have to turn on the light and draw the curtains.
Night Lights give a light like that too, neither harsh, active daylight, nor oppressive darkness, but a soft light that rounds off a room's corners—slipping you gently off to sleep.
If you are ill, nervy, wakeful, there's comfort in a box of Price's Night Lights.

Send 3d. in stamps for a sample box of Price's Night Lights to Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., Dept. JB, 65 London, S.W.11.

Always keep a box handy

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

Buy a box to-day!

New Smooth White Skin—*In 3 Days.*

Enlarged Pores and Blackheads Gone Forever!

Unsightly blackheads, wrinkles, blotches, rough skin-scales and sallow darkened colour, have their beginning in enlarged pores—pores that become clogged with greasy dirt, which cannot be washed out. Every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation.

Crème Tokalon White Skinfood (non-greasy) penetrates the pores instantly, soothes irritated skin-glands, dissolves out pore-deep dirt and blackheads, tightens enlarged pores to normal, whitens and softens dark rough skin. By its tonic, astringent and nourishing action, the driest skin is toned up and freshened. Oiliness and shiny nose are also completely banished.

Crème Tokalon White Skinfood (non-greasy) now contains a marvellous new soft creamy wax, extracted from flowers, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It gives indescribable new, smooth, white skin-beauty in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

NOTE: If you have wrinkled and sagging facial muscles, you should also use Crème Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) at night—it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. White 1/- and 1/6; Rose, 1/3 and 2/-.

MORE "JOHN BULL" TONICS

"YOUR cheque is a heavenly gift," wrote a reader recently whose wife was taken ill. "I have read about hundreds of others going to hospital, but this time I was singled out. One never knows when our turn will come."

Whilst our hospitals carry on their magnificent work, JOHN BULL provides tonics in the shape of cheques paid under its Great Free Insurance Gift. Every week a big batch of cheques is hurried on its way to sufferers. Thousands of our readers have been helped to convalescence through the great boon of our Free Insurance.

Could you call on JOHN BULL for a cheque if you were ill? If not, sign the registration forms below without delay.

SICKNESS BENEFITS—£5 5s. each.

A few of those who have received cheques lately on account of Measles, Diphtheria, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, etc.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. H. Appleby, 29, Lawton St.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, SUFFOLK.—Mr. S. R. Garrod, Felsham.
DEVIZES, WILTS.—Mr. E. Plank, Manor Farm, Lydeway.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. M. J. Jordan, 16, Union St.
NR. BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mr. J. H. Turner, Hall Cottages Gt. Saxham.
WOOL, DORSET.—Mrs. F. Torevell, 57, Church Lane.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. S. H. Casson, 29, Jamere Rd., Birches Green.
CARNMONEY, CO. ANTRIM.—Mrs. M. H. Fairfield, King's Moss.
MARKET HARBOROUGH.—Mr. A. Bowley, Weston Gate House.
CARDIFF.—Mr. E. Broughton, 13, Lead St.
IPSWICH.—Mr. F. Theobald, 7, Gibbon St.
PONTILLANFRAITH.—Mrs. C. Pash, 16, Fleur-de-Lys, Penllwyn.
CARDIFF.—Mr. T. Hillier, 13, Cymmer St., Grangetown.
LONDON, S.W.18.—Mrs. N. Thompson, 2, Morie St., Wandsworth.
HASTINGS.—Mrs. A. L. Thurgar, Bungar Hill, Broomsgrove Rd.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. J. Pinner, 15, Pinfold Lane, Merry Hill, Compton.
LEICESTER.—Mr. F. J. Weston, 67, Gartree St.
LONDON, E.13.—Mrs. C. Ford, 13, Waghorn Rd., Upton Park.
BRYNMAWR, BRECON.—Miss J. Fear, 31, Glamorgan St.
NR. LOUGHBOROUGH.—Mr. E. Brown, Fox Yard, Rempstone.
GAINSBOROUGH.—Mr. W. J. Warner, 1, Kebir Terr.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. M. E. Overton, Bungalow, Main St., Newbold Verdon.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. T. Featherstone, 24, Mere Rd.
STOURBRIDGE, WORCS.—Mrs. C. Bond, 36, Green St.
NR. SHEFFIELD.—Mr. D. T. Dalley, 148, Firvale, Harthill.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. K. Lines, 44, Dorset St.
NR. BERKELEY, GLOS.—Mrs. K. Tyrrell, Halmore.
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BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Batt, Grosvenor Rd., Aston.
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CAERNARVON.—Mr. D. Jones, Coedhelen Lodge.
BICESTER, OXON.—Mr. A. Lea, 3, Bardwell Terr.
ANDOVER.—Mrs. D. Page, 4, Balmoral Rd., Victoria Park.
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COLNE, WILTS.—Mr. F. J. Willis, 4, Fishers Brook.
STOURPORT, WORCS.—Mrs. E. Bourne, 6, Worth Crescent.
NR. NORWICH.—Mrs. F. Mitcham, Llanberis, Ash Tree Rd., New Costessey.
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Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—John Bull covers you Free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 11/4/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

Stylish, comfortable SUITS in all the most attractive Cloths, to measure at 45/- 56/- and 6 6/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring. Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Spring and Summer Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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PILES Your agony can be quickly ended by the wonderful ointment Man Zan. Easy to apply. Gives instant relief. Soothes, cools and quickly puts an end to the worst cases. Persevere—Man Zan will end your trouble for good. In tubes, 3/-, with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.17.), Croydon. MAN ZAN

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FASHIONABLE

SPRING STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe—Coats, Costumes, Frocks and Robes, for all occasions—designed and made in the best style, and offered at the keenest Bargain Prices and on Easy Monthly Payment Terms

PATTERNS POST FREE.

We issue a complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now, stating the style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials with simple self-measurement form will be sent you per return post

FROM 5/- MONTHLY

AMAZING value offered in Furs, Sports Wear, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, & Hosiery, etc.; also Maids' and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the balance in monthly payments if entirely satisfied.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

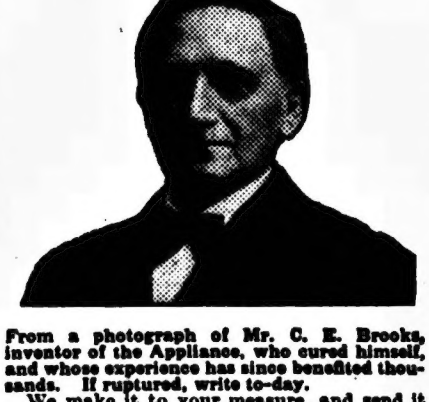
We have 90 years character for honourable trading

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture

SENT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.

(468U) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(468U) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

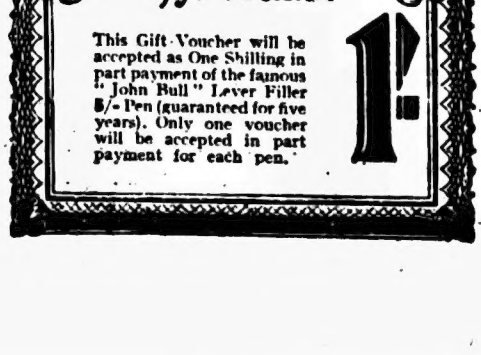
NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

(Please write plainly) .....

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU!

HAD YOURS YET?


One Shilling
Gift Voucher
This Gift-Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen.
1/-

"John Bull's" Great Three-fold Gift Offer is proving tremendously popular. Write for yours to-day.

Cut out voucher opposite, value One Shilling. Post at once, together with postal order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance (4/6 in all). You will then receive:

(1) A 5/- "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14-carat gold nib;
(2) A 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil; and
(3) A 24-carat Gold-plated Gillette Razor of the latest pattern.

Name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Make p.o. payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

£800 FOR OUR 800TH CONTEST

FOR this week only, to celebrate our 800th *Bullets* contest, the First Prize has been substantially increased to £800—a striking contrast to the £100 which, as you see above, was offered for our first *Bullets* competition.

Over £300,000 has already been won by competitors since the contest first appeared in 1912, and that figure grows by mighty leaps as we march forward towards *Bullets* No. 1,000. To make up a *Bullet* for entry in this week's big contest you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

Here is a specimen: suppose you choose the *Example* INSTEAD OF TALKING, the added words LET'S HEAR PARLIAMENTARY "TRIO" would complete a typical *Bullet*. For further guidance, study the *Bullets* below which have all won First Prizes within the last few weeks.

DOING SOME GOOD—EPSTEIN—FATHER'S SIGNING PLEDGE!
HELPING THE HOSPITALS—DON'T STOP THAT "PERFORMANCE"!
IN UNEMPLOYMENT'S DESERT—MY "PLACE IN SUN."

Any of these winners might well have been made up by you. Grasp that fact, post some good *Bullets* to reach us by Saturday, April 18, and you may soon be putting £800 in your pocket.

Choose from these "Examples"

IDEAL BUDGET
IN THE HOME NEST
MORE TROUBLE
HERO-WORSHIP
LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE
OFFICE SHEIK
IN THE GLOAMING
OPEN TO CRITICISM
WAY TO GO
BITTER MEMORY
NOT ONLY
RICH v. POOR
INSTEAD OF TALKING
STRIKES ME
CONSIDERING THE COST
TRUSTED
THEY'RE IN LOVE, SO
FULL OF DIGNITY
CHANGING THE GUARD
SELFISH COUPLE
STARTLING
ANXIOUS TO START
BY THE MILLION
BODY AND MIND
JUST IMAGINE IF
WHEN FATHER FLIES
FAILING
KEEP AWAKE AND
BROUGHT TO JUSTICE
NO FUTURE
SPRINGING UP
ISLAND OF DREAMS

☞ The result of Competition No. 797 ("Bullets" £4,500 Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale on Thursday, April 16.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

A Gold-Mine—Free!

"*BULLETS BULLETIN*, with its lessons and encouragement, made me persevere in my efforts to capture a place in the 'printeds,'" says a recent £1,500 winner.

In this week's issue of *Bullets Bulletin*, our free weekly help for all "Bulleteers," you can read this woman winner's message to other entrants—and many other interesting features as well.

In "Bullets That Missed," faulty entries are reviewed with helpful advice. In "How I made My Prize Bullet" a £50 winner shows how easily a big cheque can be won. The Competition Editor's weekly chat, hints on what to avoid, a free £10-a-week contest for regular readers—these, too, are all packed away in our bright little publication which can be yours every Thursday.

A glance at a specimen issue will show you that you simply *must* make sure of a regular supply. This complimentary copy will be sent post free if you apply on a penny postcard to the address on the coupon at the foot of the next column.

But if you fill in and post the coupon as instructed, you will thus make certain of this free weekly gold-mine of *Bullets* assistance for the next twelve weeks—the best investment which any would-be winner could make.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 800 weekly purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £800 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 795 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Scott, 105, Church Street, Inverness.

Example _____ Closing SAT. April 18
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(800) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SAT. April 18
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(800) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. April 18
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(800) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. April 18
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(800) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 800, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

MIGHTY "IDEAL HOME" PRIZE OF £1000 CASH

The Rival Weather Prophets

Whatever the weather
BOVRIL
will 'meat' the situation

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